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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Salmonia; or, Days of Fly-Fishing. In a Series of Conversations. With some Account of the Habits of Fishes of the Genus Salmo. By an Angler. 12mo. pp. 273. London, 1828. J. Murray.

THIS extremely entertaining volume has reached us too late for a sufficient notice this week; but we cannot pass it over without some sort of review. Though no name is upon the title-page, our readers are aware (from our previous announcement,) that it is from the pen of Sir Humphry Davy, an experienced brother of the angle. With the popular model of old Isaac before him, the author has most pleasantly thrown his *Salmonia* into the form of dialogue, and thus happily introduced various other interesting topics consonant to the characters of his little dramatic persona.

"The characters chosen to support these conversations are—*Haliens*, who is supposed to be an accomplished fly-fisher; *Ornithier*, who is to be regarded as a gentleman generally fond of the sports of the field, though not a finished master of the art of angling; *Poietes*, who is to be considered as an enthusiastic lover of nature, and partially acquainted with the mysteries of fly-fishing; and *Physicus*, who is described as uninitiated as an angler, but as a person fond of inquiries in natural history and philosophy."

These worthies are imagined to fish near London, in the Highlands of Scotland, in several parts of England, and in Germany; and in all these situations, their talk is of the funny sports in the pursuit of which the are employed, the habits of the different tribes, the modes of catching them, and sundry other congenial subjects, (such as the migration of birds, the changes of insects, the colours of water, &c.), tending to make a whole of excellent amusement and rational instruction. Thus, independently of the judicious practical lessons to fishermen, there is a fund of miscellaneous literature, which cannot fail to be highly acceptable to every reader. Witness (to begin with) the following defence of angling against the taunts of Dr. Johnson and Lord Byron,* written by a noble lady, long an ornament of the British court.

"Albeit, gentle Angler, I
Delight not in thy trade,
Yet in thy pages there doth lie
So much of quaint simplicity,
So much of mirth,
Of such good kind,
That none need be afraid,
Caught by thy cunning bait, this book,
To be ensnared on thy hook.
Gladly from thee I'm lured to hear
With things that seemed most vile before,
For thou didst on poor subjects rear
Matter the wisest age might hear:

* Angling is an amusement with a stick and a string; a worm at one end, and a fool at the other.—*Johnson*.
And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Isaac Walton sings or says:
The quaint old cruel coxcomb in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.
—*Ben Jonson*.

And with a grace
That doth efface
More laboured works, thy simple lore
Can teach us that thy skillful lines
More than the scaly brood convince.

Our hearts and senses too, we see,
Rise quickly at thy master hand,
And ready to be caught by thee
Are lured to virtue willingly.

Content and peace,
With health and ease,
Walk by thy side. At thy command
We bid adieu to worldly care,
And joy in gifts that all may share.

Gladly with thee I pace along,
And of sweet fancies dream:
Waiting till some inspired song,
Within my memory cherished long,
Comes faster forth,
With more of worth;
Because that time upon its stream
Feathers and chaff will bear away,
But give to gems a brighter ray."

"Nelson (it seems) was a good fly-fisher, and as a proof of his passion for it, continued the pursuit even with his left hand. Dr. Paley was ardently attached to this amusement; so much so, that when the Bishop of Durham inquired of him, when one of his most important works would be finished, he said, with great simplicity and good humour, 'My Lord, I shall work steadily at it when the fly-fishing season is over,' as if this were a business of his life."

These are good examples; but our author's general defence is as good.

"The search after food is an instinct belonging to our nature; and from the savage in his rudest and most primitive state, who destroys a piece of game, or a fish, with a club or spear, to man in the most cultivated state of society, who employs artifice, machinery, and the resources of various other animals, to secure his object, the origin of the pleasure is similar, and its object the same: but that kind of it requiring most art may be said to characterise man in his highest or intellectual state; and the fisher for salmon and trout with the fly employs not only machinery to assist his physical powers, but applies sagacity to conquer difficulties; and the pleasure derived from ingenious resources and devices, as well as from active pursuit, belongs to this amusement. Then as to its philosophical tendency, it is a pursuit of moral discipline, requiring patience, forbearance, and command of temper. As connected with natural science, it may be vaunted as demanding a knowledge of the habits of a considerable tribe of created beings—fishes, and the animals that they prey upon, and an acquaintance with the signs and tokens of the weather and its changes, the nature of waters and of the atmosphere. As to its poetical relations, it carries us into the most wild and beautiful scenery of nature;—amongst the mountain lakes, and the clear and lovely streams that gush from the higher ranges of elevated hills, or that make their way through the cavities of calcareous strata. How delightful in the early spring, after the dull and tedious time of winter, when the frosts disappear, and the sunshine warms the earth

and waters, to wander forth by some clear stream, to see the leaf bursting from the purple bud, to scent the odours of the bank perfumed by the violet, and enamelled, as it were, with the primrose and the daisy; to wander upon the fresh turf below the shade of trees, whose bright blossoms are filled with the music of the bee; and on the surface of the waters to view the gaudy flies sparkling like animated gems in the sunbeams, whilst the bright and beautiful trout is watching them from below; to hear the twittering of the water-birds, who, alarmed at your approach, rapidly hide themselves beneath the flowers and leaves of the water-lily; and as the season advances, to find all these objects changed for others of the same kind, but better and brighter, till the swallow and the trout contend, as it were, for the gaudy May-fly, and till in pursuing your amusement in the calm and balmy evening, you are serenaded by the songs of the cheerful thrush and melodious nightingale, performing the offices of paternal love, in thickets ornamented with the rose and woodbine!"

The spirit of Walton has surely descended upon this passage: but we will contrast its pastoral beauty with an anecdote or two, told to illustrate the impolicy of angling with your back to the sun, so as to throw your shadow on the water, and, like the steam-boat, "frighten the fish."

"*Physicus*. Your sagacity puts me in mind of an anecdote which I remember to have heard, respecting the late eloquent statesman, Charles James Fox; who, walking up Bond Street from one of the club houses with an illustrious personage, laid him a wager, that he would see more cats than the prince in his walk, and that he might take which side of the street he liked. When they got to the top, it was found that Mr. Fox had seen thirteen cats, and the prince not one. The royal personage asked for an explanation of this apparent miracle: Mr. Fox said, 'Your royal highness took, of course, the shady side of the way, as most agreeable; I knew that the sunny side would be left to me, and cats always prefer the sunshine.'—*Haliens*. There! *Poietes*; by following my advice you have immediately hooked a fish: and while you are catching a brace, I will tell you an anecdote, which is as much related to fly-fishing as that of *Physicus*, and which affords an elucidation of a particular effect of light. A manufacturer of carmine, who was aware of the superiority of the French colour, went to Lyons for the purpose of improving his process, and bargained with the most celebrated manufacturer in that capital for the acquisition of his secret, for which he was to pay a thousand pounds. He was shewn all the processes, and saw a beautiful colour produced, and he found not the least difference in the French mode of fabrication and that which he had constantly adopted. He appealed to the manufacturer, and insisted that he must have concealed something. The ma-

nufacturer assured him that he had not, and invited him to see the process a second time. He minutely examined the water and the materials, which were the same as his own, and very much surprised, said, 'I have lost my labour and my money, for the air of England does not permit us to make good carmine.' 'Stay,' says the Frenchman, 'do not deceive yourself: what kind of weather is it now?' 'A bright sunny day,' said the Englishman. 'And such are the days,' said the Frenchman, 'on which I make my colour. Were I to attempt to manufacture it on a dark or cloudy day, my result would be the same as yours. Let me advise you, my friend, always to make carmine on bright and sunny days.' 'I will,' says the Englishman; 'but I fear I shall make very little in London.'"

One of the conversations led to the discussion of superstitions; and we are much pleased with the following remarks, also including some points of meteorology and natural history.

"*Poiet.* I hope we shall have another good day to-morrow, for the clouds are red in the west.—*Phys.* I have no doubt of it, for the red has a tint of purple.—*Hal.* Do you know why this tint portends fine weather?—*Phys.* The air when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-making, rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. I have generally observed a coppery or yellow sun-set to foretell rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and consequently the more ready to fall.—*Hal.* I have often observed that the old proverb is correct—

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning:
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

Can you explain this omen?—*Phys.* A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing or depositing the rain are opposite to the sun, —and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate are usually brought by the westerly wind, a rainbow in the west indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.—*Poiet.* I have often observed, that when the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. Can you account for this?—

Hal. Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister, than cold air, when the warm strata of air are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that, as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.—*Poiet.* I have often seen sea-gulls assemble on the land, and have almost always observed that very stormy and rainy weather was approaching. I conclude that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm.—*Orn.* No such thing. The storm is their element; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea-insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave—and you may see him sitting above the edge of the highest surge.

I believe that the reason of this migration of sea-gulls, and other sea-birds, to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed, at this time, feeding greedily on the earth-worms and larvæ, driven out of the ground by severe floods: and the fish, on which they prey in fine weather in the sea, leave the surface and go deeper in storms. The search after food, as we agreed on a former occasion, is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds always migrate when rain is about to take place; and I remember once, in Italy, having been long waiting, in the end of March, for the arrival of the double snipe in the Campagna of Rome,—a great flight appeared on the 3d of April, and the day after heavy rain set in, which greatly interfered with my sport. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies,—but two may be always regarded as a favourable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather, one magpie alone leaves the nest in search of food, the other remaining sitting upon the eggs or the young ones; but when two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favourable for fishing.—*Poiet.* The singular connexions of causes and effects, to which you have just referred, make superstition less to be wondered at, particularly amongst the vulgar; and when two facts, naturally unconnected, have been accidentally coincident, it is not singular that this coincidence should have been observed and registered, and that omens of the most absurd kind should be trusted in. In the west of England, half a century ago, a particular hollow noise on the sea-coast was referred to a spirit or goblin, called Bucca, and was supposed to foretell a shipwreck: the philosopher knows that sound travels much faster than currents in the air, and the sound always foretold the approach of a very heavy storm, which seldom takes place on that wild and rocky coast without a shipwreck on some part of its extensive shores, surrounded by the Atlantic.—*Phys.* All the instances of omens you have mentioned are founded on reason; but how can you explain such absurdities as Friday being an unlucky day, the terror of spilling salt, or meeting an old woman? I knew a man of very high dignity, who was exceedingly moved by these omens, and who never went out shooting without a bittern's claw fastened to his button-hole by a ribbon, which he thought ensured him good luck.—*Poiet.* These, as well as the omens of death-watches, dreams, &c. are for the most part founded upon some accidental coincidences; but spilling of salt, on an uncommon occasion, may, as I have known it, arise from a disposition to apoplexy, shewn by an incipient numbness in the hand, and may be a fatal symptom; and persons, dispirited by bad omens, sometimes prepare the way for evil fortune; for confidence in success is a great means of ensuring it. The dream of Brutus, before the field of Pharsalia, probably produced a species of irresolution and despondency, which was the principal cause of his losing the battle: and I have heard that the illustrious sportsman to whom you referred just now, was always observed to shoot ill, because he shot carelessly, after one of his dispiriting omens.—*Hal.* I

have in life met with a few things which I found it impossible to explain, either by chance coincidences or by natural connexions; and I have known minds of a very superior class affected by them,—persons in the habit of reasoning deeply and profoundly.—*Phys.* In my opinion, profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert, superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light,—such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming a thunder-cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal white as silver, and referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon,—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures."

With this very fair example of the various and interesting contents of *Salmonia*, we shall for this bout conclude; only observing, that the wood-cuts, executed by Mr. A. J. Mason, are very correct as to the characteristics of the fish represented, and do him great credit as an artist in this style of engraving.

The Literary Character; or History of Men of Genius: drawn from their own Feelings and Confessions. By I. D'Israeli. 4th edition, revised. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1828. H. Colburn.

WE know of no subject of superior interest to that of which Mr. D'Israeli has treated, in a desultory, ingenious, and most instructive way, in these volumes; and their progress into a fourth edition is a satisfactory proof of the public feelings being in accordance with our own upon this point. But that which demonstrates their value detracts from their novelty; and it will readily be perceived, that a reviewer's occupation need not be exercised at any length upon statements and opinions so generally known. A Letter and some Notes from the pen of Lord Byron, however, impart a new feature to this edition; and in the little we shall take the liberty to quote, our readers will, in all probability, find these the most attractive ingredients.

The work is dedicated to Mr. Southey, a friend of the writer's of forty years' endurance; and in a preface that follows, we have the Letter of Lord Byron to which we have alluded, thus introduced:—

"In 1822 I published a new edition of this work, greatly enlarged, and in two volumes. I took this opportunity of inserting the manuscript notes of Lord Byron [on former editions], with the exception of one, which, however characteristic of the amiable feelings of the noble poet, and however gratifying to my own, I had no wish to obtrude on the notice of the public.* Soon after the publication of

* "As every thing connected with the reading of a mind like Lord Byron's is interesting to the philosophical inquirer, this note may now be preserved. On that passage of the preface of the second edition which I have already quoted, his lordship was thus pleased to write:—"I was wrong; but I was young and petulant, and probably wrote down any thing, little thinking that those observations would be betrayed to the author, whose abilities I have always respected, and whose works in general I have read oftener than, perhaps, those of any English author whatever, except such as treat of Turkey."

this third edition, I was surprised by receiving a letter from his lordship. Lord Byron was an admirable letter-writer. Independent of the personal details with which his letters abound, and which, from their nature, are of course peculiarly interesting; his letters are also remarkable for facility of style, vivacity of expression, shrewdness of remark, and truth of observation. I have, however, never met with any letter of Lord Byron more interesting than the following, which, as it does not form one of a series of familiar correspondence, was probably touched with a more careful pen.

Montenaro, Villa Dupuy, near Leghorn, June 10, 1822.

"Dear Sir,—If you will permit me to call you so. I had some time ago taken up my pen, at Pisa, to thank you for the present of your new edition of the 'Literary Character,' which has often been to me a consolation, and always a pleasure. I was interrupted, however, partly by business, and partly by vexation of different kinds,—for I have not very long ago lost a child by a fever, and I have had a good deal of petty trouble with the laws of this lawless country, on account of the prosecution of a servant for an attack upon a cowardly scoundrel of a dragoon, who drew his sword upon some unarmed Englishmen, and whom I had done the honour to mistake for an officer, and to treat like a gentleman. He turned out to be neither,—like many others with medals and in uniform; but he paid for his brutality with a severe and dangerous wound, inflicted by nobody knows whom; for, of three suspected and two arrested, they have been able to identify neither; which is strange, since he was wounded in the presence of thousands, in a public street, during a feast-day and full promenade.—But to return to things more analogous to the 'Literary Character': I wish to say, that had I known that the book was to fall into your hands, or that the MS. notes you have thought worthy of publication, would have attracted your attention, I would have made them more copious, and perhaps not so careless. I really cannot know whether I am, or am not, the genius you are pleased to call me,—but I am very willing to put up with the mistake, if it be one. It is a title dearly enough bought by most men, to render it endurable, even when not quite clearly made out, which it never can be, till the Posterity, whose decisions are merely dreams to ourselves, have sanctioned or denied it, while it can touch us no further. Mr. Murray is in possession of a MS. memoir of mine (not to be published till I am in my grave), which, strange as it may seem, I never read over since it was written, and have no desire to read over again. In it, I have told what, as far as I know, is the truth—not the whole truth,—for if I had done so, I must have involved much private, and some disapproved history; but, nevertheless, nothing but truth, as far as regard for others permitted it to appear. I do not know whether you have seen those MSS.; but, as you are curious in such things as relate to the human mind, I should feel gratified if you had. I also sent him (Murray), a few days since, a Common-place Book, by my friend Lord Clare, containing a few things, which may, perhaps, aid his publication in case of his surviving me. If there are any questions which you would like to ask me, as connected with your philosophy of the literary mind, (if I may call it a literary mind,) I will answer them fairly, or give a reason for not,

good—bad—or indifferent. At present, I am paying the penalty of having helped to spoil the public taste; for, as long as I wrote in the false, exaggerated style of youth and the times in which we live, they applauded me to the very echo; and within these few years, when I have endeavoured at better things, and written what I suspect to have the principle of duration in it, the church, the chancellor, and all men, even to my grand patron, Francis Jeffrey, Esq. of the Edinburgh Review, have risen up against me and my later publications. Such is Truth! men dare not look her in the face, except by degrees: they mistake her for a Gorgon, instead of knowing her to be Minerva. I do not mean to apply this mythological simile to my own endeavours, but I have only to turn over a few pages of your volumes, to find innumerable and far more illustrious instances. It is lucky that I am of a temper not to be easily turned aside, though by no means difficult to irritate. But I am making a dissertation, instead of writing a letter. I write to you from the Villa Dupuy, near Leghorn, with the islands of Elba and Corsica visible from my balcony, and my old friend, the Mediterranean, rolling blue at my feet. As long as I retain my feeling and my passion for nature, I can partly soften or subdue my other passions, and resist or endure those of others. I have the honour to be, truly, your obliged and faithful servant,

"NOEL BYRON."

It is not our purpose to proceed with the author through his many topics and curious researches—the former evincing much just reflection, and the latter a great deal of curious reading. We shall merely select two or three illustrations, to set forward as fair examples of the book.

"A new race of jargonists, the barbarous metaphysicians of political economy, have struck at the essential existence of the productions of genius in literature and art; for, appreciating them by their own standard, they have miserably degraded the professors. Absorbed in the contemplation of material objects, and rejecting whatever does not enter into their own restricted notion of 'utility,' these cold arithmetical seers, with nothing but millions in their imagination, and whose choicest works of art are spinning-jennies, have valued the intellectual tasks of the library and the studio by 'the demand and the supply.' They have sunk these pursuits into the class of what they term 'unproductive labour'; and by another result of their line and level system, men of letters, with some other important characters, are forced down into the class 'of buffoons, singers, opera-dancers, &c.' In a system of political economy it has been discovered, that 'that unprosperous race of men called men of letters, must necessarily occupy their present forlorn state in society, much as formerly, when a scholar and a beggar seem to have been terms very nearly synonymous.' In their commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing view of human nature, addressing society by its most pressing wants and its coarsest feelings, these theorists limit the moral and physical existence of man by speculative tables of population, planning and levelling society down in their carpentry of human nature. They would yoke and harness the loftier spirits to one common and vulgar destination. Man is considered only as he wheels on the wharf, or as he spins in the factory; but man as a recluse being of meditation, or impelled to action by more generous passions, has been struck out of the system of our political economists. It

is, however, only among their 'unproductive labourers' that we shall find those men of leisure whose habitual pursuits are consumed in the development of thought, and the gradual accessions of knowledge; those men of whom the sage of Judea declares, that 'it is he who hath little business who shall become wise; how can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and whose talk is of bullocks? But they,'—the men of leisure and study,—'will maintain the state of the world!' Political economists may form another notion of the literary character whenever they shall feel—a consummation which who will venture to anticipate?—that the prosperity and the happiness of a people include something more evident and more permanent than 'the wealth of a nation.'"

Speaking of modern society, Mr. D'I. observes—

"It may be a question whether the literary man and the artist are not immolating their genius to society, when, in the shadowiness of assumed talents—that counterfeiting of all shapes, they lose their real form with the mockery of Proteus. But nets of roses catch their feet, and a path where all the senses are flattered, is now opened to win an Epictetus from his hut. The art of multiplying the enjoyments of society is discovered in the morning lounge, the evening dinner, and the midnight coterie. In frivolous fatigues, and vigils without meditation, perish the unvalued hours which, true genius knows, are always too brief for art, and too rare to catch its inspirations. Hence so many of our contemporaries whose card-racks are crowded, have produced only flashy fragments. Efforts, but not works; they seem to be effects without causes,—and as a great author, who is not one of them, once observed to me, 'they waste a barrel of gunpowder in squibs.' And yet it is seduction, and not reward, which mere fashionable society offers the man of true genius. He will be sought for with enthusiasm, but he cannot escape from his certain fate—that of becoming tiresome to his pretended admirers. At first the idol—shortly he is changed into a victim. He forms, indeed, a figure in their little pageant, and is invited as a sort of *improvisatore*; but the esteem they concede to him is only a part of the system of politeness; and should he be dull in discovering the favourite quality of their self-love, or in participating in their volatile tastes, he will find frequent opportunities of observing with the sage at the court of Cyprus, that 'what he knows is not proper for this place; and what is proper for this place he knows not.' This society takes little personal interest in the literary character."

"Has not the fate in society of our reigning literary favourites been uniform? Their majority hardly exceeds the year: they are pushed aside to put in their place another, who in his turn must descend. Such is the history of the literary character encountering the perpetual difficulty of appearing what he really is not; while he sacrifices to a few, in a certain corner of the metropolis, who have long fantastically styled themselves 'the world,' that more dignified celebrity which makes an author's name more familiar than his person."

"Some have been deemed disagreeable companions, because they felt the weariness of dulness, or the impertinence of intrusion; described as bad husbands when united to women, who without a kindred feeling had the mean art to prey upon their infirmities; or as bad fathers, because their offspring have not always reflected the moral beauty of their own

page. But the magnet loses nothing of its virtue, even when the particles about it, incapable themselves of being attracted, are not acted on by its occult property."

The simple truth in estimating the intercourse between persons of genius and the world, seems to be, that every individual who composes that *world* is willing enough to admire genius at a distance, and where it does not interfere with, nor eclipse, selfish enjoyments or self-love; but when it comes closer, and treads upon the kibe of the inferior creature, then up rises envy, uncharitableness, dislike, and persecution. We are all ready to censure the neglect of a Chatterton or a Burns; but how few of us, if we are brought into contact with similar beings, in our walk through life, excuse their foibles, endure their waywardness, and cherish them as the children of genius? Alas, they have little to hope for, let their lot be thrown where it may! When they are dead, it will be time to remember those nobler qualities which obtained no consideration for them while living, and subjected to more than the petty tests that try the spirits of ordinary men—to misconception, to misrepresentation, to caprice, to coldness, and to calumny. But the theme is too exhaustless; and were we to indulge in moralising upon it, we should want the space of a volume, instead of a literary notice.

"When Petrarch was passing by his native town, he was received with the honours of his fame; but when the heads of the town conducted Petrarch to the house where the poet was born, and informed him that the proprietor had often wished to make alterations, but that the towns-people had risen to insist that the house which was consecrated by the birth of Petrarch should be preserved unchanged; this was a triumph more affecting to Petrarch than his coronation at Rome."

Upon this quotation the author says:—"On this passage I find a remarkable manuscript note by Lord Byron:—'It would have pained me more that the proprietor should have often wished to make alterations, than it could give pleasure that the rest of Arezzo rose against his right (for right he had). The depreciation of the lowest of mankind is more painful than the applause of the highest is pleasing: the sting of a scorpion is more in torture, than the possession of any thing could be in rapture.'"

We could hardly have conceived Byron capable of making so false an estimate. It shews how apt he was to be affected by what a stronger and higher mind would have utterly despised. We conclude with one other interesting extract.

"In the history of genius it is remarkable, that its work is often invented and lies neglected. A close observer of this age pointed out to me, that the military genius of that great French captain who so long appeared to have conquered Europe, was derived from his applying the new principles of war discovered by Folard and Guibert. The genius of Folard observed, that among the changes of military discipline in the practice of war among European nations since the introduction of gunpowder, one of the ancient methods of the Romans had been improperly neglected; and in his Commentaries on Polybius, Folard revived this forgotten mode of warfare. Guibert, in his great work, 'Histoire de la Milice Française,' or rather the History of the Art of War, adopted Folard's system of charging by columns, and breaking the centre of the enemy, which seems to be the famous plan of our Rod-

ney and Nelson in their maritime battles. But this favourite plan became the ridicule of the military; and the boldness of his pen, with the high confidence of the author, only excited adversaries to mortify his pretensions, and to treat him as a dreamer. From this perpetual opposition to his plans, and the neglect he incurred, Guibert died of 'vexation of spirit;' and the last words on the death-bed of this man of genius were, 'One day they will know me!' Folard and Guibert created a Buonaparte, who studied them on the field of battle; and he who would trace the military genius who so long held in suspense the fate of the world, may discover all that he performed in the neglected inventions of preceding genius."

It is, we imagine, quite needless for us further to recommend this edition of a very delightful work.

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo. Vol. II. Parts I. and II. 8vo. pp. 592. Colburn.

THIS second volume has followed the first with proper rapidity and regularity: it commences with the war of 1807, with the battles of Eylau and Friedland; embraces the early Portuguese and Spanish political events and campaigns—the Austrian war ending with the great battle of Wagram—the annexation of Holland to France; and finishes with accounts of the marriage of Marie Louise, and of the police and internal state of Paris subsequent to that memorable transaction. There is, as may well be supposed, therefore, much of variety and interest in this portion of M. Savary's labours; and we confess to having been much more amused with it than with the preceding volume. Viewing the writer as not only the devoted apologist of Buonaparte throughout his whole composition, but as the defender of himself, the tool being deeply implicated with the master-mover of these extraordinary times, we still read with astonishment the avowals which he suffers to transpire. The condition of Paris, after he supplanted Fouché in the ministry of the police, about six weeks subsequent to Napoleon's marriage, is a picture of the meanest roguery and darkest treachery. Spy upon spy, and scoundrel betraying scoundrel, from the Emperor on the throne to the lowest menial in a private house, made a system at which the honest mind recoils with contempt and disgust. We will take a leaf from this division of the publication. The newly appointed minister thus naively notices the effect of his elevation, and thus ingenuously lets us into the secret of his general character.

"When this appointment was made known through the next day's *Moniteur*, no one would give credit to it. Had the Emperor nominated to those functions the ambassador of Persia, then in Paris, the circumstance would not have created greater apprehension. I was deeply mortified at perceiving the unfavourable impression produced on the public mind by the appointment of a general officer to the ministry of police; and had I not felt myself strong in the consciousness of rectitude, I never could have had the courage which was so necessary for bearing up against the illiberal remarks of which I was the subject. I was a cause of terror to all; every one was making preparations for leaving Paris; nothing was spoken of but exiles, imprisonments, and measures of still greater severity; and I verily believe that the report of a plague on some point of the coast could not have occasioned a greater dread than my nomination to this department. In the army, where the nature of its duties was little understood, the event

created the less astonishment, as it was the general opinion that I already exercised some control over the ministry of police."

Fouché, on retiring, either burnt, or pretended to burn, all his papers; and his successor remarks: "I could not help viewing it with an eye of suspicion, since so much unwillingness was shewn to put me in possession of information which so deeply concerned the welfare of the state; and time only added strength to my conviction that we had been the dupes of the most impudent system of quackery upon record, as will be shewn in the sequel of these Memoirs. I soon had occasion to satisfy myself that the administration of police was never carried on in the Emperor's interest; that it had been made available as a means of acquiring his confidence, and at the same time of abusing it; and that it was a dangerous weapon in the hands of a disturber of public tranquillity, who made it his whole duty to follow the stream of fortune."

The Emperor, however, was himself a capital instructor, and he gave Savary his lesson.* "My courage (adds the minister) revived upon receiving these instructions. On the first days of my new employment I went to make my report to the emperor, rather with the view of receiving some encouragement, than of presenting him with any useful result of my labours; and I soon discovered that he was guarded against every thing, and that the reason of his extraordinary patience with M. Fouché was to be found in his being provided with ample means to defeat his wicked designs. I gradually acquired confidence; and, without being wickedly inclined, I soon discovered a sufficient portion of malice in my composition, which I turned to good account during my administration of the police." At any rate, there appears to be little deceit in these confessions. But the struggle between Buonaparte and Fouché, who should circumvent and cheat the other in the darkest ways of trickery and treachery, is altogether one of the most remarkable revelations with which we ever met. The famous Ouvrard; M. Labouchère, a Dutch merchant; M. Fagan, an Irish officer; M. Hennecart, one of the police agents, and several others, are all employed or bribed secretly, and set to watch and betray each other by Fouché against Napoleon, and by Napoleon against Fouché. Fagan is recommended by Hennecart to Fouché, who engages him to visit London, and transmit reports, &c. &c., and then "Fagan had scarcely received this mission, when Hennecart came to congratulate him on the occasion; and, after the usual compliments, he told Fagan that he had yet another subject to open to him, on which his personal fortune mainly depended, and hinted at the possibility of his obtaining in some degree the Emperor's immediate protection against any capricious or unjust conduct of the Duke of Otranto, who was, perhaps, after all, the dupe of some false report. Fagan requested Hennecart to speak in plain language: the latter did so, and said, that if he would send him a copy of all the reports he might have to make to M. Fouché, it would assuredly be for

* One very curious part of it may well be singled from the rest, and inserted in the sheet which reviews Mr. D'Israeli's work.

"Let all literary characters (says Buonaparte) be treated with consideration; they have been prejudiced against me by the representations made of my being adverse to them. This was certainly done with the worst intentions; for my occupations alone prevent my receiving them as often as I could wish to do. They are useful men, who ought to be treated with marked distinction, as contributing to raise the fame of the French nation." (There is some sense in this; and yet not at all.)

his advantage: 'because the reports,' said he, 'would be laid before the Emperor by the Duke of Bassano himself, who would,' he added, 'receive them from M. de S..., to whom they will have been delivered by myself.' Fagan, after considering for a few moments, accepted the offer; and as it was no difficult task for Hennecart to persuade him of the necessity of the information being on all occasions forwarded to himself in the first instance, in order that he might be enabled to transmit his copy of the report as soon as M. Fouché could present the original, it was agreed between them that one of the documents should precede the other by the interval of a courier. This point was no sooner settled than M. Fagan took his departure for London."

Thus the same man was the spy and rascal for both parties!!!

But it was at home, and in Paris, that the genius of Savary shone most conspicuously:—"There is (he tells us) to be found in Paris, a certain class of people who subsist upon the credulousness and good-nature of others: they have a decided interest in being apprised of every thing, whether true or false; they put down in their account-current, if I may use this figurative expression, every thing they happen to learn. These trifles are the coin in which they pay for their dinner, or their admission to the theatre; they bring for their stock some piece of news, which they exchange for another. These are truly valuable men for a minister of police; he may make sure of their aid, in return for helping them out of some scrape, in which they never fail to involve themselves. Their employment is to give publicity to whatever news it is wished to spread abroad, and to find out the source from whence has emanated any news which it is desirable to suppress. The progress of intrigue never slackens, because there are never-ending wants which compel its promoters to have their minds incessantly at work. An intriguer who is inactive, soon finds his way to the hospital; an active one, on the contrary, would reap a harvest from an egg-shell. An intriguer is thoroughly informed of the tender connexions of all his friends: always ready to advise either lover, he sets them by the ears, in order to bring about a reconciliation between them: he watches every feeling of animosity and passion: he invites some to partake in his own unbridled pleasures, and watches on those occasions the looseness of their morals; for his vigilance is particularly directed to places of improper resort. If in the night-time you desire to find out a man of pleasure, he instinctively knows at what rendezvous of gallantry he is to be found, the restaurateur he may have patronised, the theatre he has frequented. If a giddy woman is the object of inquiry, the mere description is enough for him to point her out. In no town in the world, however small, can a person be found out more quickly than in Paris."

He next details how the system of espionage may be perfectly carried on, even when the Parisians retire to their country seats; and proceeds:—"It was generally supposed that the Emperor felt great interest in breaking through the privacy of domestic affairs, and in being made acquainted with every particular concerning them: I even know that, speaking on this subject, M. Fouché has presumed to use the following expressions:—"You little know the Emperor; he would feel a pleasure in cooking every one's dinner!" But the truth of this is broadly denied by M. Savary; yet he

does say—"It was, nevertheless, a matter of astonishment, that the Emperor should have known a multitude of trifling stories, which it was imagined he never could have learned, except through the minister of police. I thought so too until I came to hold the place. The Emperor's source of information was as follows: he was not always confined to his closet, but frequently received company; he was fond of society, particularly that of the fair sex; and it must be acknowledged, that, for the last quarter of a century, this sex has adopted a mode of passing time, and a kind of occupation, so widely different from their pursuits in former days, when, with accomplishments no less brilliant, they took more pains to cultivate and adorn their minds, that a woman can hardly speak of her neighbour without bringing in calumny for the principal topic of conversation. The consequence was, that jealousy, and a spirit of rivalry in the demand for favours, gave rise to serious acts of indiscretion, and to the propagation of calumnious reports. During winter, there were masked balls at court, the only amusements at which the Emperor could assume a disguise, and converse without restraint. I have often been in his suite on those occasions, as well as at the masked balls at the grand opera. The society at the court balls, though numerous, was very select: all were aware of being in the best company; and yet many gross and unblushing snares were laid at those balls. Can it be supposed that the Emperor felt it necessary to require, that the minister of police should make him acquainted with such trifles as there occurred? He had instructions of much higher importance to give him; and there were courtiers to be found sufficiently disposed to relate even more than he could have desired to hear, if he had once allowed them to annoy him with such ridiculous stories."

But his own course, as the head of the police, was not marked with any such reserves.

"After I had made a division of the societies of Paris (says he), I considered of the means of extending a watchful superintendence over the several classes of artisans inhabiting the suburbs: this was rather the duty of the prefect of police; but I felt desirous to possess the means of finding out a clue to any public disturbance, in the event of my not being satisfied with the reports I should receive from the prefecture: it was nothing more than a measure of precaution. I had already discovered that the most powerful instrument of my administration, was to bring every element of hatred and rivalry into contact, at the same time that it became its duty to prevent the evil effects of those passions. There certainly is danger in proceeding by such a method; and nothing short of the greatest personal probity can afford any self-protection against the abuse of it, or against being deceived by information originating in animosity or some secret vice. I seldom resorted to this course, except with a view of acquiring a knowledge of events anterior to my charge, which was indispensable towards making me acquainted with the different characters with whom I was in daily intercourse."

"I required some weapon against the shafts of ridicule, the most powerful enemy which a placeman in France can have to contend with. I determined, therefore, to make myself a party of dependents; and as all my colleagues had ten years the start of me in their respective places, during which they had greatly strengthened their own parties, it behoved me to reach the goal at the same time, by striking

out as many new paths as would bring me up with them in the race.

"I took care to reward those whose exertions were productive of advantage without their having raised any murmur against them, and altered the station of every one against whose conduct complaints had been made; but I never forsook a man of bold and unflinching character, who was unsparing of his person when it was question of acquiring information. When I found an agent placed at a station where his talents were confined within too narrow bounds, I had him removed to a wider field of action. My arrangements were now sufficiently extensive, though they served me rather as resources in case of need, than as positive means of information; and I resolved to establish certain regulations respecting the police of servants, a class of people in Paris who form of themselves an army."

This also he effects—and "in the very first months it was the means of placing at the disposal of the administration from nine hundred to a thousand individuals, as far as I recollect, who were all either deserters from the army, or runaways from prisons or the galleys, as well as fugitives from their native country in consequence of legal prosecutions. They became spies upon each other, a course which worked well for a short time!"

Shall we add to this system of unmitigated villany—sapping society to its very core, and uprooting every thing estimable in human nature? No—we leave that odious exposition to M. Savary, and his extraordinary Memoirs, "illustrative (truly so) of the history of the Emperor Napoleon" and his worthy compeers.

Planché's River Danube.

AGREEABLY to our promise, we have now to illustrate this very pleasant and entertaining volume with a legend of ancient, and a picture of modern, times.

"Greifenstein was last ruined by the Swedes in 1645, and is one of the castles named as having been the prison of Richard Cœur de Lion; nay, they even shew an iron cage here, in which he is said to have been cooped. The ruins are reported to be haunted by an old white woman, and a legion of

'Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray,'

who do her awful bidding. This tradition has probably arisen from the circumstance of its last inhabitant having been an ancient gentlewoman, the Lady Bountiful of the neighbourhood, who devoted all her time to the cure of disorders, and was so generally successful in the treatment of her numerous patients, that she was at length suspected of possessing supernatural power. At her death, therefore, instead of canonising her, as in duty bound, the ungrateful peasantry have converted the kind-hearted old lady, who was certainly 'a spirit of health,' into 'a goblin damned;' and they are less excusable, as the castle is not in want of such an attraction, the terrain being already occupied by as romantic a spectre as ever revisited 'the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous!' The legend, indeed, attached to those venerable walls is one of the most interesting on the Danube, and I cannot account for its omission by the diligent Schultes. Thus it runs:—As early as the eleventh century the lords of Greifenstein were famed and feared throughout Germany. One of the first knights who bore that name lost his lady soon after she had presented him with a daughter, who received the name of Etelina. The dying mother, painfully aware

how little attention would be paid to the education of a female by a rude and reckless father, half knight, half freebooter, however fond he might be of his child, had recommended her infant with her last breath to the care of a kind and pious monk, the chaplain of the castle, and under his affectionate guidance the pretty playful girl gradually ripened into the beautiful and accomplished woman. Sir Reinhard of Greifenstein, though stern, turbulent, and unlettered himself, was, nevertheless, sensible to the charms and intelligence of his daughter; and often as he parted her fair hair and kissed her ivory forehead, before he mounted the steed or entered the bark that waited to bear him to the hunt or the battle, a feeling of which he was both proud and ashamed would moisten his eye, and subdue a voice naturally harsh and grating, into a tone almost of tenderness. On his return weary and sullen from a fruitless chase or a baffled enterprise, the song of Etelina could banish the frown from his brow, when even the wine-cup had been thrust untasted away, and the favourite hound beaten for a mis-timed gambol. So fair a flower, even in the solitary castle of Greifenstein, was not likely to bloom unknown or unsought. The fame of Etelina's beauty spread throughout the land. Many a noble knight shouted her name as his bright sword flashed from the scabbard; and many a gentle squire fought less for his gilt spurs than for the smile of Etelina. The minstrel who sang her praises had aye the richest largess; and the little foot-page who could tell where she might be met with in the summer twilight, clinging to the arm of the silver-haired chaplain, might reckon on a link of his master's chain of gold for every word he uttered. But the powerful and the wealthy sighed at her feet in vain—she did not scorn them, for so harsh a feeling was unknown to the gentle Etelina. Nay, she even wept over the blighted hopes of some, whose fervent passion deserved a better fate: but her heart was no longer hers to give. She had fixed her affections on the poor but noble Rudolph, and the lovers awaited impatiently some turn of fortune which would enable them to proclaim their attachment without fear of the anger and opposition of Sir Reinhard, who was considerably annoyed by Etelina's rejection of many of the richest counts and barons of Germany. Business of importance summoned the old knight to the court of the emperor. His absence, prolonged from month to month, afforded frequent opportunities of meeting to the lovers; and the venerable monk, on whom the entire charge of the castle and its inhabitants had devolved at Sir Reinhard's departure, was one evening struck dumb with terror at the confession which circumstances at length extorted from the lips of Etelina! Recovered from the first shock, however, his affection for his darling pupil seemed only increased by the peril into which passion had plunged her. In the chapel of the castle he secretly bestowed the nuptial benediction upon the imprudent pair, and counselled their immediate flight and concealment, till his prayers and tears should bring forgiveness and consent from Sir Reinhard, who was now on his return home, accompanied by a wealthy nobleman, on whom he had determined to bestow the hand of his daughter. Scarcely had Rudolph and Etelina reached the cavern in the neighbouring wilderness, selected for their retreat by the devoted old man, who had furnished them with provisions, a lamp and some oil, promising to supply them from time to time with the means of existence, as

occasions should present themselves, when the rocks of the Danube rang with the well-known blast of Sir Reinhard's trumpet, and a broad banner lazily unfolding itself to the morning breeze, displayed to the sight of the wakeful warden the two red griffins rampant in a field vert, the blazon of the far-feared lords of Greifenstein. In a few moments the old knight was galloping over the draw-bridge, followed by his intended son-in-law. The clatter of their horses' hoofs struck upon the heart of the conscious chaplain as though the animals themselves were trampling on his bosom; but he summoned up his resolution; and relying on his sacred character, met his master with a firm step and a calm eye in the hall of the castle, evading a direct answer to the first inquiry for Etelina, he gradually and cautiously informed Sir Reinhard of her love, her marriage, and her flight. Astonishment for a short space held the old warrior spell-bound; but when his gathered fury at last found vent, the wrath of the whirlwind was less terrible. He seized the poor old monk by the throat, and upon his firm refusal to reveal the retreat of the culprits, dashed him to the earth, had him bound hand and foot, and flung into a pit beneath an iron grating in the floor of the donjon or keep of the castle. Tearing, like an infuriated pasha, 'his very beard for ire,' he called down curses on Etelina and her husband, and prayed that if ever he forgave them, a dreadful and sudden death might overtake him on the spot where he should revoke the malediction he now uttered! Upwards of a year had elapsed, when one winter day the knight of Greifenstein pursuing the chase, lost his way in the maze of a wilderness on the banks of the Danube. A savage-looking being, half clothed in skins, conducted him to a cavern, in which a woman similarly attired was seated on the ground with an infant on her knees, and greedily knawing the bones of a wolf.—Sir Reinhard recognised in the squalid form before him his once beautiful Etelina. Shocked to the soul at the sight of the misery to which his severity had reduced her, he silently motioned to the huntsmen, who came straggling in upon his track, to remove the wretched pair and their poor little offspring to the castle. Moved by the smiles of his innocent and unconscious grandchild, he clasped his repentant daughter to his bosom as she re-crossed the threshold, bore her up into the banquet-hall, and consigning her to the arms of her faithful Rudolph, hastened down again to release with his own hands the true-hearted monk, who still languished in captivity. In descending the steep staircase his foot slipped, and he was precipitated to the bottom—his fall was unseen—his cry was unheard—dying, he dragged himself a few paces along the pavement, and expired upon the very spot where he had just embraced and forgiven his daughter. Rudolph, now lord of Greifenstein, restored the chaplain to liberty, and lived long and happily with his beloved Etelina: but the spirit of Sir Reinhard to this day wanders about the ruins of his ancestral castle, and will continue so to do till the stone wherein he expired shall be worn in twain. 'Alas! poor ghost!' the very slight hollow which is at present perceivable in it, affords you little hope of its division by fair means previously to the general 'crack of doom.'

Our example of modern times shall be brief; and is only inserted to shew with how diligent a pencil Mr. Planché has sketched all the different objects which were offered to the eye of taste and observation.

"Nearly facing the mouth of the Traisen, the little river Kamp discharges itself into the Danube, and, on doubling a small point of land, the village of Zwentendorf appeared on the right bank, and the mountains of the Wiener-Wald, arising in the distance, announced the vicinity of the capital. It was impossible, however, to reach it that evening; and therefore making for the little town of Tulln, that lay directly before us in a sort of bay, we landed under the walls of a spacious building, the mutilated colossal statues of saints, prelates, and monarchs, in front of which, bore testimony to its former grandeur; and groping our way through a narrow passage, emerged into the court-yard behind it, where stood the wretched auberge, in which our steersman informed us we must pass the night. To our great relief, however, a red-elbowed, yellow-haired, blue-stockinged, round about *mädchen*, seizing a candle and a huge bunch of keys, recessed the court with us towards the great building, and opening a postern door, which Mrs. Radcliffe would have worshipped, led the way up a winding staircase into a long gallery, hung with paintings of martyrdoms and miracles, fussy virgins and chubby cherubs, fat abbots and fair nuns; and ushered us into a wilderness of a chamber, furnished with one table and sixteen beds! The astonishment of our guide must be imagined, when my companion requested yet another room. The idea of separate chambers never entering her head, she naturally enough supposed that sixteen beds would surely be sufficient for two persons. However, as there was no accounting for the whims of foreigners, and as no other travellers were likely to arrive, she found another apartment for my friend, containing nine beds, and, with a stare of amazement I shall not speedily forget, after furnishing us with some coffee and another candle, left us to sleep in any or all of our twenty-five beds, as we might eventually determine. On mentioning this circumstance afterwards to a Viennese, I was assured that, had a larger company arrived, the remaining fifteen beds in my chamber would have been unceremoniously occupied by men or women, as it might have happened; for, as he remarked to me, with the greatest coolness, 'how would the poor people, who possess but two or three good rooms, be otherwise enabled to accommodate forty or fifty persons of both sexes, as they are frequently called upon to do?' Whether the building itself was the Nonnen Kloster founded by Rudolph of Hapsburg, in gratitude for his victory over Ottokar; or the old Schloss, in which, every Monday, at midnight, the ghosts of a lady and her maid are in the habit of promenading,* I am to this moment ignorant. If the latter, it being Thursday, the ghosts were not on duty. The Lady-Moon alone peeped through the long narrow casements; the murmur of the stream that ran rapidly beneath them, was the only sound that mingled with my dreams."

Here we conclude our very agreeable task, and heartily recommend this work to our read-

* "I believe I should say more, for the antiquary of the Danube informs us, that the lady's maid was exorcised by a 'barefooted monk,' and quietly, I presume, laid in the Red Sea. The ghost of quality alone was untractable. This spirit, it appears, had been dismissed from the body by an enraged husband, at the moment of an awkward discovery. The whole history, says the prudent antiquary, is to be found in the archives of a certain noble house; but as it would redound to the prejudice of the descendants, should the name be made known, it has been passed over in silence. Some time ago, an attempt was made to pull down the building, but the indignant phantom raised such a racket, that the workmen lost a retreat, and the project was abandoned."

ers, who will, we are sure, be as much pleased with the author as the author is with the King of Bavaria, to whose love of literature and munificent encouragement of the fine arts and science he pays the justly deserved tribute of his warmest applause.

Dr. Walsh on the Gnostics.
(Second Notice.)

[As this is simply an abridged continuation of Dr. Walsh's very interesting history of the extraordinary Gnostic sect, we do not interrupt it by any introductory remarks.]

"ITALY, and the western parts of the empire, had hitherto been infested with few heretical doctrines; it was in the East only, the pregnant parent of every monstrous and absurd imagination, they originated, and to the congenial minds of the people they were confined; but in the year 167, in the reign of Marcus Aurelius, certain of these sectaries, availing themselves of the pretext of persecutions then carried on, came from Pontus, Egypt, and the eastern provinces, and obtruded themselves among the Christians at Rome. With these came Marciah, Ponticus, and Cerdon. They were powerfully assisted by a woman named Marcellina, who, by her influence and artifice, spread abroad the opinions of the sect, and gained so many proselytes, that they no longer covered their mysteries with a veil, but openly professed and taught their doctrines,—and the Gentiles made no distinction between those who had embraced them and those who had not; but included the whole Christian community in the censure and reprobation which justly attached to these sectaries, who had now expanded themselves beyond the provincial limits to which they were at first confined; and mingled with and tainted every Christian community wheresoever the Gospel had extended itself. Whatever were the shades of difference by which they were distinguished from each other, as taught by a particular leader, there were certain general dogmata in which all the sects seemed to agree: they looked upon all other Christians, who interpreted the Scriptures in their plain and obvious sense, as simple and weak; and affirmed that they alone were capable of comprehending the true and occult meaning. Hence, they denominated themselves, exclusively, Gnostics, as being the only Christians who had attained to true knowledge.—They taught that all evil resolved itself into matter; they therefore treated the body with contempt, and denied its resurrection or reunion with the soul after its separation. They discouraged marriage, as a connexion of minds polluted by carnal feelings; and they partook of sensual pleasures with the grossest and most unrestrained indulgence, because they divested it of all sentiment or mental association. But their most remarkable tenet was, that malevolent spirits ruled the world, presided over all nature, and caused diseases and human sufferings; but that by knowledge and science these spirits could be controlled, their power suspended, and even their malevolence rendered subservient to the use and service of man. This science they thought they had themselves exclusively attained, and that it principally consisted in the efficacy of numbers, and certain mysterious hieroglyphics adopted from the Egyptians. Hence, they made systems of monads, triads, and decads; and formed figures of Anubis, Serapis, and other idols. This composition of certain abstruse words and mysterious figures was engraved on gems and stones of different

kinds and qualities; and they affirmed, that whoever bore one of these on his person was secured by it from the particular evil it was made to guard against. These images and figures of different materials are mentioned by Irenæus, and some of the mysterious words engraved on them are described and explained by contemporary historians, (Iren. Hæres. c. 24. Hieron. c. ili. 1.) They were called amulets, from their supposed efficacy in allaying evil.—The immense number and variety of these talismans that have been, and are still, found in many places very remote from each other, at once attest the accuracy of the ecclesiastical historians who have described these sects and their opinions, and the great encouragement and reception those opinions met with in different parts of the world. They are found not only in the East, where travellers procure them without much difficulty, but in the West they are continually dug up on the banks of the Rhine and Garonne, and in different parts of Spain, Italy, and other western countries, where Marcian and the founders and followers of the Gnostic sects distributed them: proving, as Montfaucon justly observes, that no superstition was more widely spread or universally adopted; and affording a hope that by their means the more secret mysteries of those sectaries may be elucidated. To appreciate duly the extent of this sect and their perverse fecundity of invention, it will be only necessary to mention, that Montfaucon alone has given three hundred fac-similes of gems, with different devices and inscriptions. Those that I propose to exhibit are not to be found either in Montfaucon or Kircher, or any other writer whom I have consulted; though many have that resemblance which at once establishes their similar origin. It is to be presumed, therefore, that they are new discoveries, and now, for the first time, published.—In order that a clear view may be had of the subject, I shall endeavour to accompany each fac-simile with a reference of its device to the practices and opinions of the sect to which it is supposed to belong.—The first gem is a beautiful chrysoprase. On one side is represented a right line crossed by three curved ones, a figure very common on Gnostic gems, but its meaning has not been ascertained. This is surrounded by the legend ΑΒΡΑΧΑΙ ΙΑΩ, words also of very common use, and which are to be found either by themselves or accompanied by every variety of figure, but most particularly from those that have rays issuing from the head. The word Abrasax, sometimes spelled Abraxas, with a slight transposition of the letters, was the great mystery of the Gnostics, and has been noticed and expounded by most of the contemporary Christian writers. The supreme deity and omnipotent god of the Gnostics was the Abrasax, which contained within it the mystic number, 365. He it was that created the ΝΥC, or intellectual mind, from whence proceeded the ΛΟΓΟC, or word: from the word emanated providence; from providence, virtue and wisdom; and from these, principalities, powers, and angels, who finally created the 365 heavens. Abrasax was the same as Meithras, the sun of the Gentiles; both their names in Greek characters representing the same number 365, the annual solar circle, and the deity of the sun himself. The mysteries of Meithras were accompanied by Christian ceremonies. The novice was initiated by the rite of baptism, pouring water and making a sign on the fore-

* Amuletum, quod malum amollitur. Some derive it from *amula*, a small vessel of hustral water carried about by the Roman. It is a term used by Pity.

head, and so it was considered an ablution which purified and cleansed from sin; he then partook of the eucharist of bread and wine. They adored Christ under the form of the sun, which Meithras signifies; and considered that the visible material luminary was himself. The identity of Abrasax and Meithras is evinced in the following table:—

A	1	M	40
B	2	E	5
P	100	I	10
A	1	Θ	9
C	200	P	100
A	1	A	1
Σ	60	C	200
				365	365

The word ΙΑΩ, in a variety of modifications, is also found on most of the gems of the Gnostics; and, next to Abrasax, seems to have been the most potent and mysterious. It is generally supposed to be a corruption of the tetragrammaton יהוה, or Jehovah, that name of four letters to which the Jews attached so awful an importance, and in which Christians have discerned the elements of the Trinity. I shall venture, however, to suggest another meaning. Irenæus gives the following form of initiation into the mysteries of the sect:—'Some (said he) express their redemption, and introduce the secret name which Jesus of Nazareth assumed, in this manner:—'I do not separate the spirit, the heart, the super-celestial and compassionate power. I will enjoy thy name, Saviour of truth.' When the initiators have thus spoken, the initiated replies:—'I have been confirmed, and I redeem my soul from this Æon, and from all that shall proceed from it, in the name of ΙΑΩ.' (Iren. lib. ii. c. 13.) Here seems a strong affirmation of, and allusion to, the name by which the divine character of Christ was expressed; as if the ΙΑΩ was intended to be the alpha and omega of the Revelations, and the characters ΙΑΩ stood for Jesus, the 'Redeemer, the first and the last.' The interpretation is countenanced by the circumstance, that the first Christian Byzantine emperors, a little after, placed the ΙΑΩ on their coins, in characters exactly formed after the letters of the gems, and in the same sense as I have ventured to give them. In a gem given by Kircher, with the similar figure of a serpent accompanying the legend, is the word ΧΝΟΤΜΙCΠΙ, which he affirms is a name for Christ, indicating it by the same equivalent characters in numbers, as ΑΒΡΑΧΑΙ indicated God. (Kircher, Magia. Hieroglyph. tom. ii. cap. vii. class xvi. p. 469.)

X	600	X	600
N	50	P	100
O	70	I	10
T	400	C	200
M	40	T	300
I	10	O	20
C	200	C	200
P	100			
I	10			1480
				1480	

On the other face of this gem is represented a serpent coiled into a knot, surmounted with a lion's head and mane, having rays issuing from the head. The serpent was universally adopted, not only by the Greek and Roman, but by the oriental and Egyptian Gentiles. By the first it was consecrated to Esculapius, who was worshipped at Epidaurus under that form; and on sundry coins and sculptured remains, the serpent is seen twining round a staff, with a legend ΕΠΙΘΗC, or the Saviour. Hence this reptile was adopted by the Gnostics. One of their sects is known to have worshipped it, and to have been called *Ophites* from the name of their deity, as we have already seen;

* A power, scientia, knowledge.—Iren. Hæres. c. 24.

and it is to be found in every form and modification on their gems, either by itself, or attached to other bodies; and the members of other bodies frequently attached to it. The Gnostics adopted it as a mystic emblem, and represented under its form Christ, the rays issuing from its head indicating his divinity. Thus, then, in this first gem, appear to be combined the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, mixed up and confounded with the absurd and extravagant fictions of heathen superstition. The identification of Christ with the serpent seems to be evident from the gem which follows. The Ophites were known to maintain, that the person of one was embodied in that of the other; and they even preferred the serpentine form, because, as they asserted, he had the knowledge of good and evil. That it was in virtue of this prerogative, Moses set up the brazen serpent, in order that all who looked on it might recover their health; and that Christ merely imitated this power, when he said that as Moses lifted up the serpent, so should the Son of Man be exalted. The sculpture on the gem represents this. In the gem which follows is also the figure of a serpent, having the legend $\Lambda\omega$ CABA ω , for Sabaoth, round it; and on the other face, the word MOTCH, for Moses, which confirms the allusion of the former. Sometimes the serpent was placed by itself, unaccompanied by any other emblematical figure. It is then generally represented either as a circle or an ellipse, holding its tail in its mouth. This appears to have been the common emblem of eternity, as having no end; and also the Egyptian representation of the solar circle, the year revolving into itself. The one here exhibited is unusually large. On one face is a serpent forming a ring, and containing inside it a long inscription surrounded by mysterious characters. The inscription consists entirely of vowels, among which the word $\Lambda\omega$ appears in various transpositions. This gem is remarkably and satisfactorily illustrated by a passage of Irenæus. The vowels were held in high estimation by the Gnostics; their number seven they imagined had the powers of the seven virtues in animating the world, and was the soul of all we see, and represented the seven celestial abodes. But when these powers are involved and mixed together, they resound and glorify him by whom they were projected. It should appear from this strange and mystic passage, that an amulet so constructed with the seven vowels mingled together, had a mysterious power of extraordinary efficacy. There is none of this structure at all noticed either in Kircher or Montfaucon.

"The next class is that where the serpent forms a part of some other figure. The facsimile here given* represents it as forming the legs of a human body; and it so frequently occurs as a Gnostic emblem, that it seems to have been considered as a representation of the God of the Christians, and, as we shall see, was placed on the coins of the Roman emperors as the image of Christianity. On the opposite face are the seven vowels, forming the elements of a figure which obtained great celebrity for its supposed efficacy. By dropping a letter in each succeeding word, at every repetition of the vowels, an equilateral triangle or cone is formed, to which they annexed potent medical virtues. This secret the Gnostics wrapped up in the letters of their inscription; but Quintus Serenus Saronicus, a learned physician of the school of Basilides, was more explicit. He

* This gem is engraved by Dr. Walsh; and we may probably, from its importance, have a copy transferred to the *Literary Gazette*.—Ed.

constructed from it his celebrated amulet of Abracadabra against tertian ague, and gives directions for forming it by abstracting a letter from every line:

Donec in angustum redigatur litera conum.

The elements of this abracadabra I have only met on the gem here given; nor is it to be found in Montfaucon, Kircher, or any other writer whom I have consulted.

AEHIOYW
EHIOYW
HIOYW
IOYW
OYW
YW
W

ABPACADABPA
BPACADABPA
PACADABPA
ACADABPA
CADABPA
ADABPA
DABPA
ABPA
BPA
PA
A

A second figure of this kind is sculptured on a blood stone. Instead of a shield it holds in its left hand a serpent. Round the figure is the legend HHHMT. The letters H are supposed by Scaliger to be a repetition of the correspondent Hebrew \aleph , and a contraction of the tetragrammaton $\aleph\aleph\aleph\aleph$, or name for Jehovah; and the letters MT for METAZ, and so the inscription would imply 'the great God.' On the opposite face are the letters COYMAPTA, which frequently occur, and are supposed to be the name of one of the 365 angels in Gnostic mythology."

[To be continued.]

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

The Beauties of Don Juan; including those Passages only which are calculated to extend the real Fame of Lord Byron. 12mo. pp. 421. London, 1828. J. Cawthorn.

THIS is a very captivating volume, with all the impurities of Don Juan expurgated, and yet displaying a galaxy of connected lustre which is well calculated to throw a halo of splendour round the memory of Lord Byron. It may with perfect propriety be put into female hands, from which the levities and pruriencies of the entire poem too justly excluded it, in spite of all its charms of genius. As we never were the apologists of the noble poet's errors, nor the eulogists of those things in his productions which merited censure rather than praise, we were often accused of blindness to his high endowments, merely because we would discriminate between what was really worthy of fame and what was the reverse. It may, therefore, readily be supposed, that we approve of an undertaking like the present, which carries into practical effect those principles on which all we ever wrote about the author was founded.

The Practical Cabinet-Maker, Upholsterer, and Complete Decorator. By Peter and M. A. Nicholson. 4to. London, 1828. Fisher and Co.

HOWEVER useful this work may be to operative cabinet-makers and upholsters, as containing practical instructions, it is but little calculated to improve their taste. The highest praise we can bestow is, that it contains some well-drawn ornaments from the antique.

The Naval and Military Magazine (Quarterly). No. VI. London. Saunders and Otley.

WHEN this periodical first appeared, we expressed our approbation of the design, and our opinion, that if the plan were well executed, we should have a miscellany, not only calculated to please naval and military men, but to interest the community in general. We notice this Number, coming from new publishers,

merely to say that great improvement is observable in the construction of the Magazine, and that it now bids fair to realise our expectation.

La Pia; or, the Fair Penitent. A Poem. 12mo. pp. 43. London. W. Booth.

FIVE shillings for forty-three pages! (said we as we opened this thin volume)—the matter must be of a very superior value: but there is no sufficient compensation. The rhymes, pressure, measure; breathe, weave; sleep, sweet; pillow, bedfellow, &c., are fatal in the way of terminations: and there are a number of entire lines as faulty in other points as in their endings. Thus—

"Yet still will you feel as unsocial and lone
As the ring-dove who finds that her couplets are gone."

"A favourite lute,
And over its strings her light fingers were laid.
When food, and prayer, and sleep, relieve
The hungry, irksome toils of day;
And cheer life with one heavenly ray,"—

are evidence enough of careless or youthful composition, and extreme want of polish. Still there is a poetical feeling in some passages which augurs better of future efforts. The wish for

"A grave to rot the soul away,"

as well as the body, is a bold expression; and the following phrase, descriptive of the attachment to life in the miserable, is absolutely fine—

"Those hearts must needs be desolate
That cling unto the thing they hate."

Female Piety and Zeal exemplified in Memoirs of Mary Ann Ely. By her Brother, John Ely, Minister of Providence Chapel, Rochdale. 12mo. pp. 247. London. Westley and Davis.

THIS amiable enthusiast was a member of the sect called *Independents*; to which no individual is admitted who does not in the first instance satisfy the pastor and elders, &c. that he or she has been regenerated, or, in other words, has convincing experience of a second birth. The memoir dwells upon the melancholy story of a life preyed upon, and probably early destroyed, by religious feelings too strongly excited, but unmarked by any uncommon circumstance, with all the fervour of congenial sentiments; which we presume must be acceptable to parties of the same class and way of thinking.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, July 5, 1828.

DUST and heat have cleared Paris of half its population, and theatres of three parts of the audiences, to the dismay of the managers, who deem it most extraordinary that individuals do not prefer losing a portion of their copulency by means of theatrical vapour, to decreasing the receipts of the *caisse*. Unfortunately, however, in the calculation of giving and receiving, the tragic and comic Muses have little to offer the public in exchange for the price of tickets and stewing alive, particularly since the inimitable Mlle. Mers has become an inhabitant of Albion, and the interesting Madame Malibran's departure for the "land of song." This fair cantatrice bade adieu to despairing amateurs in the character of *Desdemona*;—wreaths, verses, crowns, bouquets, garlands, &c. &c., were thrown at her feet, and all the chapter of gallantries brought into play; in fact, applauses were of a very *ultra* order. As well try to quench Mount Vesuvius, as repel the enthusiasm of a Frenchman; once it is inflamed, if not allowed to spend itself, an explosion is sure to be the

result. Of this, M. Le Commissaire de Police seemed aware, as, after having pronounced the words *ordres supérieurs, réglemens*, in a stentorian tone, he at length consented to the reappearance of the charming singer, who received the redoubled shower of praise with the utmost grace of acknowledgment, and *un baiser le plus gracieux* calmed in some measure the frenzy of the spectators. The divine Pasta (as she is termed here) was expected to replace Madame Malibran; but it appears English gold outweighs Parisian adulation.—Macready is now the sole *point d'attrait*: if he sometimes plays to less crowded benches, it is not that admiration is cooled, but that heat is increased; and as yet the public are not incombustible.

Owing to the King of Bavaria's encouragement of arts and sciences, many of the literati are about to visit that country, where they expect a more discerning public will reward the toils of their imagination. Indeed, it is most true that genius is crushed here; for if, unfortunately, a young man has not a fame established, or money to make it, in vain he may address himself either to booksellers, encyclopedists, managers of theatres, &c. &c. unless he knows all the by-ways and under-ways of intrigue, and will clip, change, modify, and betray his own sentiments, according to the caprice of his protector;—I ought to except scandal, this is a *ready-money traffic*, and scarcely ever refused by the lords of the press.

This morning the heart of the famous Gretry was removed from the hermitage of J. J. Rousseau at Montmorency, and is to be conveyed to Liège, there to be deposited.

An historical picture, representing Charles X. at Rheims, by a M. Delavel, in which all the *grandes* in the composition are to be portraits, is in an advanced state. The Dauphin gave a sitting the other day to the artist, who is highly spoken of as an excellent painter. It was reported the picture was to be exhibited in London, but I rather doubt the authenticity of the report.—I believe (for in this world of doubt it is dangerous to affirm) that the child bearing the words "Napoleon, empereur," in its eyes, is shortly to set out for the British metropolis. I saw it the other morning, and am now convinced of the existence of the fact.

I forgot to mention, that they talk of shooting passengers across the channel by means of a large pistol charged with tow, as a speedier method than the subterranean blow-pipe.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

FERNANDO PO:

Journal continued: Ascent of the Central Mountain.

TUESDAY, December 4th.—At day-break this morning was awake by Cut-throat shaking me violently. Found myself almost frozen, so bitter cold had the night been. Though wrapped up in a blanket, and having all my clothes on, every joint in my body was benumbed. My poor Krooman made the most bitter lamentations, stating he had not been able to close his eyes all night, so extreme to him had been the cold throughout. He did not appear at all to relish his situation, wishing to return immediately to Clarence: it was with difficulty I could pacify him. The natives, I perceived on waking once or twice in the night, were huddled as close to the fire as it was possible to get without burning themselves. They lay on the bare ground, with a block of wood for a pillow, encircled in each other's arms. On rising, I

sent my Krooman to a neighbouring brook for water, with which I commenced washing, as well as the want of every thing necessary would allow, to the no small amusement of some dozens of women and children who surrounded me, uttering the most ear-piercing yells. In the mean time I had set my fellow-traveller to prepare a fowl, which was given us for breakfast. This was soon done; the natives first of all pulling every feather out of the fowl while alive, then killing it, and placing it on the embers of last night's fire for a few minutes, and finally giving it to me barely sodden. In cooking their fowls and mutton, I have often seen them eat them hardly warm through. As yesterday, the Coco la Co sent me a supply of boiled yams and tops, on which I breakfasted. Being desirous to proceed this day as far as possible up the mountain, I proposed to Cut-throat and Inledon to start at once, as they had last evening promised to accompany me. This proposition met a decided negative, and I was told I must wait, as the Coco la Co wished to see me. After stopping some time, I endeavoured to go towards the hut of the chief; but this was not allowed. Determined by some means to see my friend Yapa, (the chief's name), I pretended to want a stroll about the court-yard, a party of my last night's companions attending me. Taking advantage of their going into a hut to visit a sick man, I gave them the slip, making all possible haste to the Coco la Co's hut. Getting over the rails in the rear of it, I crept on my hands and knees to the front, to prevent being seen by any of the natives. I then moved as gently as I could a large board, which was placed at the entrance as a door. With all my caution, however, I made noise enough to awaken my friend, who lay in the first or outer apartment, in the middle of about a dozen women. He immediately arose and came towards me, apparently much angered. Aware of the necessity of securing his good-will, I retreated to a short distance from the door, and on his approach went towards him, and caught him by the hand, giving him to understand I was come for the sheep he promised me last night, thinking it the best mode of averting his wrath. Finding I had succeeded, by perceiving a smile on his generally morose countenance, I ventured to propose my going with him into his hut, to partake of some top together. This would not do—he promptly informing me he would send me some when the sun was up; for they always calculate their time by the inclination or declination of that orb. I then, as a dernier resource, requested permission, by first pointing to the inside of the hut, and then placing my fore-finger on my eyes, (their manner of asking us to let them see any thing), to let me look at the inside of his dwelling. To this proposal I received a peremptory refusal, Mr. Coco taking me by the hand, and leading me to my own hut, where he gave me in charge of Cut-throat and Inledon, whom he had called in, and appeared to chide for allowing me to approach his seraglio. A short time after this, the chief sent for and presented me with a sheep, at the same time giving me to understand, that on our return to Clarence to-morrow, (pointing in that direction), he should expect *boullio* of the length of his arm. To this I assented apodictically, perceiving that nothing was given without the expectancy of a return being made. The sheep was then made fast to my wrist, (this is their usual manner of presentation), and I was stroked down from head to foot three times by the chief,—not a very pleasant ceremony.

The sheep I gave to Cut-throat to kill, who well supported his claim to the cognomen, from the able and dexterous manner he performed that office on the devoted animal: in about five minutes it was skinned, quartered, and hung up in my cabin. Two quarters I sent to the Coco la Co, intending the other two for our dinner, the Krooman assuring me he could eat one himself, and assist me in despatching the other. Matters thus arranged for the day, I took my leave of the chief, and started with Inledon and my fellow-traveller up the mountain, accompanied a short distance by the whole strength of our little community. Our route was about south, leading to the summit of one of the lower ridges of the great mountain, about five miles from its longitudinal base. After leaving the chief's residence, I saw but one small village of about a dozen huts, with the exception of two by the side of a yam store, far up the hill. After walking a mile I found the palm-trees get scarce, a thick impervious brushwood arising every where around me. Our road now for miles lay up a tortuous rugged steep, requiring no trifling exertion to surmount it. I observed but few yam-stores in my ascent; what yams I saw in them, and they were not a few, were of the same small, unsavoury appearance with those given me to eat, when compared with those we get from the country round Clarence, which are on an average from seven to twelve pounds. I have weighed many which have turned the scale at eighteen pounds, whilst those I saw in these stores did not average more than four pounds each. Whether this discrepancy arose from a difference of soil, or whether the cold nocturnal breezes which sweep down the mountain, check their growth, I am unable to determine; but certain it is, there is a vast and striking contrast, both in size, appearance, and taste, between the productions of the two soils. About two miles from the summit of the ridge, we lost all trace of paths. Inledon now became excessively importunate for me to turn back; but being determined, if possible, to get a glimpse of the sea on the southern side of the island, on I went, forcing my way as well as I could through the brushwood. It was with difficulty I got Inledon forward, he repeatedly calling my attention to the vertebre of a snake he had about his loins, and pointing to the high grass around us, wished me to believe we should be bitten by them if we advanced farther. Nothing but the most pressing entreaties and promises of reward could induce him to persevere, and then he kept largely in my rear; whereas, until now he had invariably preceded me. When within a short distance of the accomplishment of my views, my efforts were nearly being put a stop to, by my Krooman imbibing my conductor's feelings, and joining with him in persuasions not to proceed. Not heeding their entreaties, I however pressed on for some distance alone, the country around me being covered with brushwood, with plots of large forest-trees. After an arduous task, I succeeded in getting a distinct view of the sea, on the southern side, to my no small gratification and delight, imagining myself to be the first Englishman that had ever been permitted to go so far into the interior. The country round about this spot I found much the same as that of my last two miles. Wishing much to have advanced a mile or two in the direction of the peak of the mountain, it was with much chagrin, and no small regret, that I was compelled to retrace my steps homewards, my conductor positively refusing to allow me to advance,

The peak I found to be nearly parallel to the eastern extremity of the island, which may, I think, be called its longitudinal base, it having a gradual ascent from that point, running about E.S.E. From my greatest height, the ascent towards the apex appeared so precipitous, and intersected with so many ravines, as, in my humble opinion, to baffle all human exertion to reach the peak from this quarter. The view from this spot was one of delight and admiration. The stupendous, magnificent, and diversified objects around me engaging my whole attention. The mighty Cameroons, with the far-spreading continent of Africa's sultry shore, and the still, cerulean sea on one side, with the no less majestic mount of Fernando Po, with its delightful groves of palms, and gently sinuous declivities, to the far-spreading Atlantic on the other, were scenes which do not every day catch the eye of contemplative man. To say they were delightful, that they were beautiful, would be the expression of a superficial observer. That they were ennobling, that they were inspiring, would be the exclamation of a more rational surveyor.

Indeed, now pressing my return, we commenced our journey back, much in the same direction as we advanced. Suddenly my attention was called to the Krooman, who came running towards me, to inform me, "he find very good place to build captain house, and another for Missa Macaulay;" doubtless alluding to the country-dwelling of the latter gentleman, at Sierra Leone, he added, "all white men build house up hill," and "we know you come up here to find good place." I found the descent much worse than the ascent, being obliged to run at times some hundred yards before we could stop ourselves. From the appearance of the country on the summit of the ridge I ascended, I am of opinion no natives whatever reside in the mountains, where there was not the vestige of a path. Near our journey's end we fell in with the same man who gave me a bottle of topé on our advance, as he did another at this time, without asking any recompense. This conduct, coupled with what I experienced in their huts, convinces me, that whatever defects they may have, they possess kindness and hospitality in no ordinary degree. [We have yet a few columns of this interesting Journal, to which we purpose giving insertion as soon as the numerous calls of more temporary matters will permit.]

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

OXFORD, July 5th.—Yesterday the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. W. Fawcett, Magdalen Hall, Grand Compounder; Rev. G. Proctor, Worcester College.

CAMBRIDGE, Friday, July 4th.—At the congregation on Saturday last the following degrees were conferred:—
Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. J. B. Sumner, King's College.
Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. Banfather, Jesus College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. Ogilby, C. D. Wake, H. J. Davis, Trinity Hall.

At the same congregation, J. Lee, B.A. Trinity College, Dublin, was incorporated *ad eundem* of this University.

On Monday the Chancellor conferred the honorary degree of Doctor in Civil Law on his Grace the Duke of St. Alban's and the Right Hon. Earl de la Warr. The following degrees were also conferred by his royal highness:—

Licentiate in Physic.—J. B. Roberts, Corpus Christi College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—E. Romilly, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. E. Perry, C. Nevill, W. Spearman, and J. R. Cree, Trinity College.

Bachelor in Music.—S. Matthews, Trinity College.

The following gentlemen of Oxford were admitted *ad eundem* of this University:—J. Smith, D.D. Wadham College; W. Mills, B.D. N. W. Senior, M.A. Magdalen College; and J. James, M.A. St. John's College.

Tuesday being commencement day, on which the creation of Doctors and Masters of Arts takes place, the proctors held a congregation at seven o'clock, and created the following

Masters of Arts.—G. J. Pennington, J. Wilder, H. Batcombe, J. Packe, P. Still, G. Hume, King's College; E. Ventris, W. H. Wayne, J. Dunningham, J. Lee, E. W. Peshall, J. Morley, W. F. Hamilton, H. E. Beville, P. B. Barlow, H. T. Wilson, F. Smith, St. Peter's College; S. Crowther, C. Randolph, W. O. Ruspin, G. A. Paske, J. N. Calcraft, D. Ashburnham, R. Davies, W. Williamson, R. C. Burton, Clare Hall; C. J. Jaffreson, B. W. Beaton, C. Ferring, C. Mathews, H. Hargreaves, J. Evans, J. P. Hyde, Penbrooke Hall; C. Borton, W. C. Twiss, H. Cape, H. Richardson, C. A. Brook, G. Coldham, J. B. Reade, D. Mande, Caius College; A. Hussey, J. Scholefield, T. J. Dallin, A. Fielding, P. Alpe, R. Cock, H. Calthrop, J. E. Everitt, J. H. Ward, Corpus Christi College; J. Sturges, R. P. Roupell, R. Thompson, J. Challis, T. Riddell, E. Johnstone, W. Goode, C. W. Hollaerts, J. Bishon, T. S. Flood, H. D. Ward, W. M. Praed, J. H. Hawkins, H. W. Bucke, J. Yong, H. Bateman, E. Davies, W. J. Pinwell, W. Barry, J. Pratt, C. M. Macleod, E. H. Cropley, F. C. Knowles, J. H. Pugey, W. H. Marriott, R. Andrews, E. St. Aubyn, L. H. Bland, T. W. Helps, W. J. H. Colquhoun, W. H. Toriano, F. Hildyard, A. Hanbury, A. T. Malkin, R. Williamson, G. W. Sicklemead, J. H. Hill, E. Cookson, T. F. Hall, W. H. Ord, J. Parker, E. Pearson, H. G. Trail, H. Lewin, G. Willmore, J. Warne, C. B. Knight, L. T. Wigram, H. Claridge, L. O'Brien, T. S. Godfrey, E. Beales, J. C. Lamont, C. Lamb, R. Ombler, E. Pearce, L. Gwynne, R. K. Harvey, J. Crocker, A. Lodge, Trinity College; T. Ferris, W. H. Greene, J. H. Bright, G. Hepper, T. Nayler, F. J. Spitta, J. H. Pooley, F. C. B. Earle, H. Cleveland, C. Cutbush, C. H. Harshorne, J. F. Isaacson, T. C. S. Kynnersley, R. Proctor, T. F. Lewis, T. Newton, E. Wilson, R. Osby, W. Lonsdale, T. Harrison, J. Metcalfe, S. Donne, T. C. Cane, C. Neville, R. Turner, H. J. L. Warner, J. M. Wakefield, W. Falcon, P. J. Chabot, W. L. Gilbon, F. Canon, S. Dunn, A. Youden, H. Moule, G. R. Clarke, M. B. Darby, L. Pickering, R. L. Hopper, W. Wilson, R. Willan, W. R. Skilton, R. H. Fielden, C. O. Dayman, W. S. Bond, C. T. Clarke, T. L. Lane, E. D. Pitman, G. Lister, W. H. Wilkinson, H. Langham, T. Marshall, J. Hooper, G. Osborne, St. John's College; J. Penny, R. T. Adnutt, G. A. Barnaby, H. Speke, C. Tomblin, Emmanuel College; J. Graham, P. Ramsday, R. S. Rickard, R. Hurlock, T. Griffith, E. C. Wilson, G. H. Webster, J. Longhurst, B. Donne, M. H. Jones, N. Padwick, C. Blathwayt, W. Hammond, B. Gilpin, W. Godfrey, Queen's College; H. Wedgwood, M. Mayson, P. Veil, R. Johnson, J. Ward, J. T. Dorrington, H. Stuart, J. Forbes, H. Williams, J. Bulling, M. J. Berkeley, E. J. Edlson, W. Spencer, J. H. Arthy, Christ College; R. Heathfield, A. Campbell, W. B. James, E. Bower, W. Chemy, C. C. Bartholomew, J. Holdship, H. A. A. Oakes, P. H. Palmer, Jesus College; F. L. Wollaston, G. Elliott, T. White, Trinity Hall; G. H. Hing, R. Skinner, B. Weaver, C. M. Barrie, T. Nunn, J. Saunders, Sidney College; E. H. Cosser, H. T. Walford, H. Montagu, J. N. O'Brien Hall, R. Blakelock, C. Luck, J. C. Brooke, E. Serjeantson, J. King, Catharine Hall; J. H. Raven, S. W. Wand, J. P. Simpson, W. K. Fletcher, J. Evans, G. Blackburne, Magdalen College; J. G. Cross, H. B. Longe, G. A. F. Chester, J. O. Deakin, W. J. St. Aubyn, Downing College.

His royal highness the chancellor created the following doctors:—

Doctors in Divinity.—The Rev. J. B. Sumner, of King's College, Prebendary of St. Paul; S. B. B. late Fellow of St. John's College, Prebendary of St. Paul's; Rev. J. C. Miller, Queen's College.

Doctor in Physic.—S. Luke, Jesus College.
After the creations, Mr. C. Wordsworth, of Trinity College, recited his English poem for the Chancellor's medal, his Latin ode and epigrams for Sir W. Browne's medal, and his exercise for the Porson prize; and Mr. F. Tennyson, of Trinity College, his Greek ode for Sir W. Browne's medal.

At a congregation yesterday, R. M. Baddeley and M. Devenish, of Jesus College, were admitted Masters of Arts; and J. E. Massie, of Queen's College, Bachelor of Arts.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Analysis of the Proceedings 1827-8.

VI. "Thoughts and Conjectures relative to the Book and History of Job." By the Rev. Edward Davies, R.A.R.S.L.—The author begins his memoir (which occupied the time allotted for reading during six meetings of the Society) by a statement of his reasons for differing from the opinion entertained by some of the Jewish doctors, and of the early Christians, that the book of Job was composed or translated by Moses, for the consolation of the Israelites in their Egyptian bondage; but he admits the probability that Moses introduced the volume to his countrymen as sacred and canonical. He likewise contends, in opposition to some modern writers, that this singular book is no parable, but a true history; and examines and refutes the hypothesis main-

tained by Warburton and Orton, that it is a poem of the dramatic form, composed by one of the prophets during the period of the captivity. Having adduced his reasons for receiving the Book of Job as an authentic narrative, relating to a real historical character, he proceeds to establish the following points:—that Uz, the country of Job, was in the eastern part of Idumea, and contiguous to the southern border of Judea; that the particular city of the patriarch's residence was Bozrah; and that Job, whom we are led to seek among the Idumean princes, was the same as Jobab, mentioned as one of the kings of that country in the 36th chapter of Genesis. This supposition being admitted, the era of the patriarch's afflictions must be placed about 1923 years B.C. The instruments of those afflictions were four armies of Chaldeans and Sabeans, whose irruption is identified with the expedition of the four kings, related in the 14th chapter of Genesis. From these various coincidences Mr. Davies infers, that Job was no other than that *righteous king and priest of the true God* to whom Abraham, after rescuing his brother Lot from the hands of those four kings, is stated to have paid tithes of all. The name, *Melchizedek, King of Righteousness*, given to this person by Moses, or *King of Salem*, which St. Paul interprets, *King of Peace*, was not his proper or original name, but a title descriptive of his character, and is eminently characteristic of the *most patient of men*. The identity between this mysterious personage and the patriarch Job, is further confirmed by several particulars in St. Paul's account of him, and by the figurative epitome of his history which appears in the 110th Psalm. The date and author of the book are next considered. The result of an examination of the various evidence relating to these points is, that the work existed in an age long prior to the date of the principal prophecies; that it is not the production of any known Jewish writer, nor of Elihu, as some commentators have thought, but chiefly of Job himself; and that the whole was written very shortly after the occurrence of the events which it records. An analysis of its contents follows:—it inculcates the acknowledgment and worship of the One Supreme Being, and the immortality of the soul—it contains references to the leading events in primitive history. Among other notices of a highly cultivated state of society, we find allusions to various gradations of rank—to the cultivation of astronomy and natural history; to the invention of writing; and some kind of engraving; to the knowledge of medicine and architecture, and to the use of all the principal metals. Mention is likewise made of musical instruments of different kinds; of a variety of implements of war, and of instruments used in hunting and fishing; but especially of numerous particulars relative to agriculture and the common arts of life. The Book of Job, therefore, exhibits the industry of man in the primitive ages as already called into action, and his genius employed in extensive researches. Nor was the various knowledge displayed by the personages introduced, derived from the surrounding nations, the Phœnicians, Babylonians, and Egyptians. The discoveries of these nations must at that period have been recent; while these personages ascribe their knowledge to the wisdom of their ancestors, and expressly disclaim intercourse with strangers. This knowledge, then, contains the genuine traditions of Noah and his immediate successors. The writer states his conviction of the import-

ance of the Book of Job to the divine as well as to the historian. He regards its preservation as a special act of providence, in order to confirm the testimony of Moses, and to transmit to posterity the valuable maxims of the patriarchs. Nor, considering the simple nature of prophetic poetry, in which the imagination of the writer merely colours the style without distorting the facts, ought its poetical character to detract from the confidence due to this composition as history. Even the celebrated expostulation in the 38th and following chapters, in which "the Lord answers Job out of the whirlwind," which some critics have represented as a mere act of a tragedy, he considers in the light of a visible interposition of the Almighty, preceded by the most grand and awful phenomena, intended to humble the pride and to confirm the faith of the patriarch. The memoir concludes with some remarks upon the typical nature of Job's character and sufferings, with reference to those of Christ.—*Read Dec. 5th and 19th, 1827; Jan. 2d and 16th, Feb. 20th, and March 19th, 1828.*

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY.

DUBLIN, 25th May.—A numerous meeting of the Academy was this day held at their house in Grafton Street; the Provost, V.P. in the chair. The Secretary read a letter from Colonel Edward Hill, V.P., a Member of Council, and Secretary for Foreign Correspondence, resigning, in consequence of his going to reside in England.

The Secretary then announced, that he had received three essays, which had been transmitted to him from candidates for the prize question proposed by the Academy; viz. "the social and political state of the people of Ireland, from the commencement of the Christian era to the twelfth century—their advancement or retrogression in the arts, and the character of their moral and religious opinions as connected with civil and ecclesiastical institutions," &c. &c. These essays are now under the consideration of the Council. Several lithographic plates, intended to illustrate the essay on the architecture of Ireland previous to the English Conquest—and other essays, ordered to be printed in the Transactions—were laid before the Academy. Sir W. Betham exhibited two brazen seals; one found near Guisnes, in France, on the site of le Champ de Drap d'Or, of John McCarty, an Irish worthy, who probably attended Henry VIII. on that memorable occasion. The other was an official seal of a legate of one of the Popes to the kingdom of Ireland, of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; found in digging a grave in the churchyard of Clonmellan, in the county of Dublin.

The Secretary then proceeded to read an essay by the Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Belfast, on the character and disposition of King James the Sixth of Scotland and First of England; accompanied with many original autograph letters of that monarch and his secretary or minister Maitland, written from Denmark while the king was in that country, where he went to espouse his queen. They were addressed to "Maister Robert Bruce, Minister of the Evangelie at Edinburgh;" and are now in the possession of his descendant and representative, the said Rev. Dr. Bruce, of Belfast. These letters afford much information of James's character, at a period when little is known of him. They are dated in the year 1589, and are a valuable addition of historic evidence. The essay is directed to be printed in the next volume of the Transactions.

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lodge's Illustrious Portraits. Folio, Part XXX.

Quarto, Part XXXII. Harding and Lepard. THE first fasciculus, noticed above, of this splendid work completes its third volume in folio, and, with it, fulfils the original and supplemental design,* in a manner which reflects great honour upon the publishers. Such a publication, begun with so much of promise, so carried on, and so concluded, is rare in the history of the arts and literature of any country. We are not, therefore, surprised, but, on the contrary, highly gratified, at a consequence which has ensued from this spirited instance of good faith and liberality; namely, that a third series, in continuation of the work, has been very loudly and unanimously called for, and that Messrs. Harding and Lepard, thus cheered and encouraged, have undertaken the task. It is to embrace the illustrious circle of personages who have distinguished the last century, commencing with Locke, in 1704, and ending with Nelson, in 1805. This, like the second set, will consist of ten parts, with six portraits in each, forming a volume of sixty portraits, the fourth, and not the least acceptable, of these superb ornaments of our libraries.

Corresponding with the foregoing, the quarto edition has proceeded with equal merits upon its smaller scale. Part XXXII. gives us the first Lord Somers, Henry Rich Earl of Holland, Francis Lord Cottington, Thomas Cecil Earl of Exeter, and Archibald Campbell Marquis of Argyre: but the plates having been found insufficient to supply the demand for this edition, we are glad to see that it is announced to be re-engraved and re-produced in monthly parts, with three portraits in each; and that the exhibition of the drawings in Pall-Mall has already contributed largely to fill the list of subscribers.

Illustrations of Virginia Water, and the Adjacent Scenery. No. 1. By W. A. Delamotte, Jun. Drawn on stone by W. Gauci. Bulcock.

SLIGHT but pleasing sketches of the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of his Majesty's "favourite and frequent retreat." One of them, we mean the view of the ruins which have been constructed near the arch which carries the Sunning-hill road over the private drive of the park that leads from the margin of the lake to the Belvidere pavilion, reminds us of a complaint made by one of our correspondents (we have not ourselves seen the spot), which we will briefly state. He observes that these ruins, which are the remains of various ancient temples, brought to this country at different, some at distant, periods, although they have a fine and picturesque effect, are not so arranged as to convey any idea of the edifices which they originally contributed to form; and, consequently, that they present to the eye of taste a mass of incongruities. We are surprised to hear this.

Duke of Wellington.—Mr. Flint has just published an exquisite miniature bust of his Grace; full of character, and a striking likeness. It is of the same size, and may be a

* The original design, or first series, was completed in two vols. folio. A second series, to include memoirs and portraits of great characters excluded by the limitations of the former, was then demanded by the public voice, and is now finished in a style equally satisfactory. We have no doubt the third series now proposed will be quite as popular, if not more so, as it approaches nearer to our own times.

companion to that of the lamented George Canning, upon the setting of whose light, the star of Wellington rose in the political horizon. Well may these two great men be remembered together, though, perhaps, with some feelings not altogether in harmonious union.

La Ronde du Sabat.—Under this title a large lithographic print, by Boulanger, has just made its appearance at Paris. It is the most diabolical and infernal scene that perhaps the pencil ever sketched. Satan and his court must certainly have been sitting to the artist for their portraits. In looking at it, the alarmed spectator fancies that he is inhaling the fumes of burning brimstone. A dense smoke pervades the vaults of the sacred edifice in which the nocturnal assembly of demons is collected; lurid flames burst from every part; Lucifer and his legion have evidently just rushed in on a whirlwind. Hobgoblins, dragons, vampires, sorcerers, necromancers, all kinds of horrid and monstrous shapes, linked together by their claws, their wings, or chains of serpents, are furiously dancing. In the midst of the hideous cotillon stands Satan, dressed in the habit of an archbishop, hiding his horns under his mitre, and beating time for the amiable party; while on each side a dozen devils, disguised as monks, are chanting in full chorus!—*Paris Paper.* After this, we presume it will not be contended that the French authorities are very bigotted or intolerant.

A Cup, in Gold. Designed, engraved, and published by J. W. Cook.

INTENDED to record, in an appropriate and tasteful manner, Lord Byron's opinion of wine. Such a cup, actually formed of the precious metal, would be a very splendid and attractive object; especially when a magnum of claret had been poured into it!

Select Views in Greece. By H. W. Williams. No. XI. Black, Edinburgh; Longman and Co. London.

WE regret to say that this is the last Number but one of this beautiful little work. The plates which it contains are, Castri, the ancient Delphi, from the supposed remains of the Temple of Apollo; part of Misitra, the ancient Sparta; Mountain Scenery, Gulf of Aulon, in Albania; Plain of Chersonesus; and View looking across the Isthmus of Corinth, from the Sea. Our favourites are Misitra, and the Gulf of Aulon; but they are all admirable.

STOTHARD'S PICTURES: HOBDAV'S GALLERY.

It is much to be desired, that some of these master-pieces of one of our most imaginative and best painters, should be added to the Hogarth's, the Gainsborough's, and the Wilkie's, in the National Gallery. His Shakespeare characters, Diana and Nymphs, &c. belong, in every respect, to the finest graphic productions of our native school.

MR. PINNEY'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES, For sale by commission; 53, Pall Mall.

ALTHOUGH this collection is situated between the British Institution and Mr. Hobday's Gallery, it is not to be considered in the predicament of the Irishman's bad shilling, to be passed between two good ones. It contains many very clever pictures, ancient and modern—principally the former. Among those in the first rank, is a picture, by Annibal Caracci, of

Christ healing the Blind; admirable for the simplicity and dignity of the action, and for the deep and mellow tone of the colouring. This picture strongly reminded us of Opie's manner. There are, also, a beautiful and graceful group of *Venus and Cupid*, by L. Cambiaso, in which may be recognised the union of Correggio and Parmegiano; a circular *Landscape*, by G. Poussin, in his finest style; a small landscape by Mola, with a *Nymph Sleeping*—quite a gem—rich both in effect and in colour; a composition, by Rubens, of *Venus and Adonis*; a clever sketch, by the same, of *Peace and War*; (among the moderns) the *Cardinal Beaufort*, by Sir Joshua Reynolds; the well-known *Richmond Hill*, by Hoffman, &c.; in all, 179 works; most of which possess greater or less claims to the notice of the artist and the amateur.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PERFORMERS.

IN our No. of June 28th we noticed the absence of Mr. Braham and Madame Stockhausen from Madame de Vigo's concert, in the programme of which they were announced. A letter from M. Stockhausen very satisfactorily explains the absence of Madame, who caught a severe cold and sore throat in travelling from Manchester by night as well as by day, to fulfil her engagements in London; and the whole course of Mr. Braham's professional life is a sufficient proof that, eminent as he is, he is one of the last persons to neglect his duty or disappoint public expectation. In these particular cases, therefore, it was not with any view to blame that we mentioned what happened; but the evil generally is of so frequent occurrence, and the non-appearance of musical performers who have been announced for concerts and other entertainments so often demands excuses and apologies, that we are of opinion audiences would do well to mark their displeasure in the most sensible manner whenever they are treated so unceremoniously and uncivily. As far as the matter goes it is a fraud, and should be punished with the more severity, because no class of people are so amply paid for their talents and exertions (when they condescend to make them) as musical, and especially vocal, performers.* Indeed, the monstrous sums now demanded in this way must, if persevered in, put an end to dramatic speculations in Opera; for it is impossible to pay even two or three singers out of any profits that can be realised. Their exactions remind us of a manager, who applied to a celebrated vocalist to sing upon some occasion: the terms required were half the receipts. Very well; as one singer does not make a concert, away went our manager to another distinguished songstress; and lo! her terms also were half the receipts!! Upon this, a pause ensued: for the engager had just calculation enough in him to discover, that if he gave the two halves in this way to the two performers, he would literally leave nothing for himself.—Another of the necessary bad consequences is, the cruel injustice which is done to individuals of great merit, though not at the very head of their profession, who are quite inadequately remunerated, while the principal idols, like Aaron's serpent, swallow up all.

* "We shall probably have it in our power next week," says the editor of the Cambridge Chronicle (speaking of the Festival in that place), "to give an exact estimate of the receipts and expenditure; the latter, however, owing to the enormous sums demanded by first-rate vocalists, has been so great, that we do not anticipate a considerable balance for the hospital, independent of the collection and donations."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Lays of a Minstrel. The Poetry by T. H. Bayley, Esq.: the Symphonies and Accompaniments by J. B. Cramer. Vol. I. Cramer; and Calcott.

MR. BAYLEY, whom we remember to have treated roughly as a novelist, is one of the sweetest and most deservedly popular lyrical writers of the present day. The simplicity of his style is finely adapted to the ballad and the natural air in music; and his sentiments are often as touching as they are far removed from the common-places of song-inditing. He sometimes falls short of his purpose—for it is extremely difficult to keep the just boundary between the simple and the puerile or affected; but even in these cases of partial failure, there is generally a redeeming quality which displays the taste and talent of the poet. Thus, for instance, the concluding couplet in the rather indifferent composition (we speak of the poetry) "I'd be a Butterfly" is so pretty, that we forgive all the preceding triteness about nightingales and roses; while in "Oh no, we never mention her!" there is nothing to do but to admire the pathos of common feelings most justly and exquisitely expressed.

With regard to the twelve pieces which constitute this first volume of *Minstrel Lays*, they partake of the same characteristics. They are either beautiful, or, in some immaterial parts, fall short of the standard at which the writer has aimed. No. 1. the *Bridemaid*, like the song last mentioned, gives a new and touching turn to an every-day occurrence, and thus comes home to the human heart, which is seldom or never reached by artifice and ornament. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting this charming ballad.

"The bridal is over, the guests are all gone,
The bride's only sister sits weeping alone;
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridemaid is desolate now.
With smiles and caresses she deck'd the fair bride,
And then led her forth with affectionate pride:
She knew that together no more they should dwell,
Yet she smiled when she kiss'd her and whisper'd farewell.
She would not embitter a festival day,
Nor send her sweet sister in sadness away:
She hears the bells ringing—she sees her depart,—
She cannot veil longer the grief of her heart.
She thinks of each pleasure, each pain, that endears
The gentle companion of happier years:
The wreath of white roses is torn from her brow,
And the heart of the bridemaid is desolate now."

No. 2, the *Beacon Light* is also a mournful thought, and treated with much tenderness. No. 3 has nothing particular upon which to remark; and No. 4, on a remembered melody, is only a variation of an old and often-sung strain. *Adeline* (5) is at once playful and pleasing; and the next is another pretty version of woman's love and fidelity; but the phrase "use me well," addressed to her lover, is an example of the lapses to which we have alluded. The remaining six pieces we will not specially notice: of them, *Gay to the last—Hand in hand, love—and Benedicite, Daughter* (the last a light and charming production)—are our favourites. Cramer's music is quite worthy of the best of the words.

Six admired Duets from Rossini's Operas. Arranged for the Harp and Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute and Violoncello, by N. C. Bochsa. Books IV. and V. J. Boosey and Co.

WE do not remember to have seen the preceding three books, but if they resemble these two, they are magnificent and delightful. The twelve compositions are from *Semiramide*, *Armida*, *Il Turco*, *Conradino*, *Tancredi*, and *Maometto*.

Two Spanish Melodies, &c. By Mlle. A. Riviere. Same Publishers.

BOTH are very pretty: *Viva Siempre beautiful. L'Espérance*, by the same, &c. is a romance; but does not display equal good taste. *Ah! vous aimez, mon Amie* (published by Bellegueule), and *Honneur à la plus belle* (Boosey), are both better, both very sweet, and both very French in their style.

Sleep on, dearest Ellen. Composed by P. H. Bernard, Esq. of the 68th Light Company. Latour.

THE multitude of songs and serenades which have been written, desiring fair ladies to sleep, to wake, to watch, to walk out by the moonshine, to open their casements, to sing, to play the lute, and commit a hundred other midnight gambols, without the least inquiry into the condition of their apparelling at that unreasonable and generally unreasonable hour,—has often surprised us, as we doubt not it has often surprised them. "Come forth, my love," breathed under a lattice, just as the last string of the night-cap was tied, and the dear (or *delishshuss*, as Jones has it in the drama,) creature was stepping into bed, must be a little laughable request at the moment; and indeed we can suppose many circumstances which would make it peculiarly inconvenient to pay immediate attention to the prayers of Philanders on the outside of the chamber and house. We consider it as anomalous, that a gentleman belonging to the "Light" should, above all others, enforce the expediency of sleeping upon his adored: had not she better open her eyes and peep out upon the light? Nevertheless, though the poetry is but so—about *stars* that *melt*—the music is very pretty.

Oh! Time is like a River. The Words from Henry Neale. Composed by C. H. Bernard. Latour.

STILL more sweet and pretty. Mr. Bernard's compositions do credit to his taste and feeling.

Miss Paton.—Our musical friends will be much gratified to learn that the health of that favourite and accomplished vocalist, Miss Paton, is happily and completely re-established. We had an opportunity of hearing her a few evenings since at a private party, when she was in fine voice, and executed several of her best songs with equal taste and brilliancy. She has, we find, declined any engagement at either of the summer theatres in town this season; but proceeds early in August to Salisbury, and appears at the musical festival held there on the 9th; thence to that at Hereford, in September; and to similar meetings at Manchester and Bury, in October: after which she returns to London, and will, in all probability, resume her engagements at one of the winter theatres.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.

THE houses here are becoming thin—signs of the approaching termination of the season. On Tuesday, *Nina* was repeated, with the first act of *La Gazza Ladra*.—Pasta and Sontag performing as usual. Signor Velluti has entered into an engagement for six representations, and is to have a benefit on Thursday next. This will afford some support to the last days of the Opera, and is an additional proof of the spirit which M. La Porte has shewn in the management of the theatre. A new ballet is also preparing, to aid the above. Mlle. Dupuis has left for Paris, and is suc-

ceeded by Mlle. Duval. Judging from the appearance of one of the fair figurantes, there will shortly be an accession to the *corps de ballet*.

Mr. Ebers' benefit, on Thursday evening, was, we are glad to say, very fully and fashionably attended: a proof of public feeling and sympathy, which it is a pleasure to record.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

A NEW melodrame, founded on one of the Popular German Tales, was produced at this theatre on Monday last. Our readers will recollect the story of the Bottle-Imp in the above-named amusing collection of legends; and the adapter (we believe, Mr. Peake) has ingeniously combined the most interesting situations of the story with some very diverting matter of his own—in which Keeley does him ample justice. *Willibald* (for so is he named) is the confidential servant of a young harum-scarum German, *Albert* (Wood), who is induced by *Nicola* (James Vining) to purchase the magic bottle, which ensures the fulfilment of every wish to its possessor, upon the rather awkward condition, that if not sold previous to death, for less than the sum it last cost, the wretched proprietor becomes the prey of the insidious fiend it contains. The bottle passes from purchaser to purchaser with great spirit, and tolerable *dramatic* probability; and being at length fortunately resold by Albert to Nicola for the "smallest coin in the world," the wicked Spaniard, unable to get rid of it according to the condition, is claimed, amidst the flames of the Inquisition, by his terrible creditor. Throughout these incidents, *Willibald*—who becomes an agent in the sale of the bottle, purchases it unconsciously himself, palms it off to a Jew, &c.—was the main support of the piece. Nothing could be more perfect than Keeley's entire performance:—his perusal of the Dissertation on Devils, and his first sight of the horrible Bottle-Imp, were irresistible, both from their novelty and nature. Mr. James Vining played Nicola with great judgment and feeling:—we have no doubt of his becoming a favourite with the town. The music, by Mr. Rodwell, is clever, and some of it very pretty. A song by Wood in the second act was loudly and deservedly encored. The first scene, Venice, with canal and gondolas, is an admirable picture; but the Grand Hall of the Inquisition, destroyed by fire, is a bungling business, and, in our opinion, the only blot upon the entertainment, which was received with much favour, and will, we dare say, continue to bring full houses.

VARIETIES.

A Long Table.—A gentleman, writing the History of the Table, has made a curious calculation. Solomon the wise gave a feast in the court-yard of the Temple, at which were consumed 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep. This feast, then, would require sixty acres of ground for kitchens, 17,000 cooks, and allowing one pound of meat to each guest, and eighteen inches for each seat, the table would extend the whole length of Solomon's kingdom, viz. from Dan to Beersheba, or from White-chapel Church to Bristol Cross!!

Thames Tunnel.—A public subscription, for the completion of this remarkable under-taking, has been commenced under the auspices of the Duke of Wellington; and a considerable sum already raised. It would be a great pity were it to be left unfinished, if, as we believe, any tolerable assurance can be given of its practicability within a certain limited expense.

The celebrated Doctor Chaussier, physician

and professor at the Ecole de Médecine, at Paris, made his exit some time ago, after having contributed to the death of some, and perhaps added to the life of others. *En vrai médecin*, he died without demanding the consolations of religion, and ordered that his remains should not be presented at the church. As usual, the scholars bore his body to the grave, as a last proof of their respect. The police attempted to oppose this custom, but did not succeed, as the military refused to interfere; and after a short combat, the cortège continued its march unimpeded to Père la Chaise, followed by a deputation of the Institute and the Faculty of Medicine.

Epigram on lately finding the church of Notre Dame (Paris) very thinly attended by the ladies:

A l'église de Notre Dame on trouve tous les maris; Mais où est l'église de nos dames de Paris?—S. W.

New Paddles.—Mr. J. L. Stevens, of Plymouth, has taken out patents for paddles recently invented and improved by him. This invention consists of a method of propelling vessels by the agency of a series of paddles attached to a three-throw crank, with the aid of steam or other power, and which may be used as a substitute for undershot water-wheels, &c. One set of paddles is always acting against the water, and sometimes two sets at the same time; and the chief advantages obtained by this method over the common wheel are—1. As the inventor's paddles work in a vertical position (with sufficient allowance for the impetus of the vessel), they cause a saving of the power now consumed by the descending and ascending paddles, and produce an increased application of power. 2. The avoidance of unpleasant vibration and consequent wear and tear in the vessel and engines; and also of the run of backwater, which is so very dangerous to wharves, &c. preventing the introduction of steamers upon canals; and, 3. The capability of increased velocity, commensurate with the power applied, not being governed with the maximum of motion that limits the revolutions of the common wheel. Though difficult to explain without an engraving, this seems to be altogether a very ingenious and valuable invention.

Supply of Water to the Metropolis.—We some time ago inserted in the *Literary Gazette* an account of Mr. Martin's plan for supplying with pure water, and materially beautifying, the western end of the metropolis. Mr. Martin has recently republished his plan with some additional observations, in the course of which he says—

"Since this plan was published, the report of the Commissioners appointed to examine the state of the Thames Water has been printed, and its utter insubstantiality has been sufficiently proved. Two recent visits to the Coln have confirmed the designer in his opinions; he has ascertained the height of the fall from the proposed point of the Coln to the Paddington reservoir, which will be at the rate of a foot and a half to every mile, and can therefore be assured of a supply of current sufficient to preserve the water in complete purity. The fall of the New River is said to be at the rate of four or five inches only per mile, and its course is consequently so sluggish as barely to prevent stagnation. One important circumstance, however, the proposer has omitted to remark upon, namely, the necessity of tunnelling the hill situated about a mile and a half north of Uxbridge. After this the country would admit of nearly a direct line of route, till the stream should arrive by the canal near Northolt. The whole length of the route proposed would not exceed fifteen miles. It has been asserted that the Coln could not afford a supply of water adequate to the demand; this is, however, erroneous. A personal inspection of the river during a summer of unusual drought, afforded to the present proposer evidence of an ample supply; and inquiries from several persons resident for years upon its banks, were equally satisfactory. The stream is ample, and the quality is excellent. An objection has also been made by a few persons to the proposed improvements in the parks; but a slight consideration will suffice to prove their pro-

priety. It is absolutely necessary that a quantity of water greater than that considered to be demanded for immediate consumption should be provided; and it is obvious that the superabundant quantity must have a channel by which to escape. These channels are already almost entirely formed by the beds of the stagnant waters in the park; which, by the accession of this stream, would be at once beautified, cleansed, and made wholesome. The proposed bath would probably make a return for its cost in the small sums raised from bathers; and the remaining expense would be merely for cutting short channels of communication between the stagnant waters. Such an objection to a plan that would at once beautify and render more healthful those parks which have been happily named the *lungs* of this great city, must therefore surely be abandoned."

I HAVE drank the cup of happiness

Till pleasure's fount was dry!

The streams of joy soon waste themselves—

Its springs our search defy.

I have drank the cup of bitterness,

And still it overflows:

In broken hearts the spring is found—

Eternal spring of woes!

Now let me taste another cup—

Oblivion's blessed draught!

Ah! 'tis, like that of Tantalus,

Forbidden to be quaff'd! ULRIC.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A work on Insanity, by Dr. Burrows, will shortly appear.

Mr. Bernays announces a Selection from the German Poets, with Grammatical and Explanatory Notes, for the use of Students in German literature.

A second edition of *Plain Advice to the Public to facilitate the Making of their own Wills*, is in a state of forwardness. This work, the first edition of which was published anonymously, and which was ascribed, by mistake, in the index of the *Literary Gazette* for 1836, to Dr. Kitchiner, is from the pen of Mr. John H. Brady, many years a clerk in the Legacy Duty Office, Somerset House. The Subaltern's Log-Book, including Anecdotes of well-known Military Characters, with Incidents during Voyages to and from, and a residence in, India—so long announced, may be forthwith expected.

Mr. William Peter, of Christ Church, Oxford, has nearly ready a small volume of Sacred Songs, or Portions of the Psalms Paraphrased.

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Thursday .. 3	From 60. to 83.	29.83 to 29.82
Friday .. 4	63. — 73.	29.76 — 29.83
Saturday .. 5	62. — 76.	29.84 — 29.85
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